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THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Weekly Journal of Opinion

JULY 27, 1992

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CORRESPONDENCE

Equal time

To the editors:
Mickey Kaus's article "The End of Equality" (June 22) correctly identifies the emergence of a new elite that regards its superiority as objectively proved and significantly heritable. He is, alas, too optimistic about who is likely to save us from this problem, and how. He states that "liberals could use public authority to incubate and spread a countervailing, egalitarian culture."

What is far more likely to occur, and has already occurred to a very considerable extent, is the altering by the new elite of rules, structures, and attitudes in order to limit the workings and effectiveness of majority rule. This has been accomplished all too often by educated liberals who are dismantling majoritarianism in the name of "opening" the process. The displacement of political parties by various single-issue groups is one of many examples of this phenomenon. The real goal of the new elite that has been so busy in changing our institutions is to retreat from a democratic society where the vote of each citizen counts equally, regardless of testable skills.

DAVID M. LEBEDOFF
Minneapolis, Minnesota

To the editors:
The saddest and most telling line of Mickey Kaus's article comes almost at the end: "It was certainly easier to have a sense of equality in a less secular time, when the equal dignity of citizens could be grounded ... in shared beliefs about the relation of men to God." What Americans of all classes need most is to recapture (or perhaps capture) an inner sense of the dignity of all honest work, and of all the people who do it. There is no better foundation for that sense than faith in God. The more we focus on where we stand in relation to God, the less attention we are likely to pay to our neighbors' clothes and cars and houses, and the less misguided pride we are likely to feel in our exalted test scores and degrees.

WILLIAM J. STUNTZ
Charlottesville, Virginia

To the editors:
In facing up to the crisis confronting the working poor, Democrats would do well to remember that what lifted past generations of low-paid workers into the middle class wasn't any onslaught of job training programs, but the expansion of industrial unionism. The fact that a West Virginia coal miner today may earn $40,000 a year when his ancestor in 1908 had a yearly income amounting to less than $500 has more to do with the United Mine Workers of America than any earlier "skills solution."

Today, despite the increasingly fierce resistance of employers, union members still earn more money than their nonunion counterparts—among minorities the difference can be as much as 46 percent to 51 percent more. But while the proven success of collective bargaining as a strategy to raise wages rivals even the best job training programs, few today are willing to give it more than arms-length recognition, or, in the case of Mickey Kaus, any at all.

JIM GROSSFELD
Washington, D.C.

To the editors:
Unfortunately Mickey Kaus falls into traps that are easily avoidable.

Clearly what is crucial is not whether social standing reflects inherited differences in skills and abilities but *how* genes work to determine the differences in skills. Take the development of musical ability. Suppose some children's genes dispose them to hum along with music and pick out tunes on their Casios at a very young age. Parents notice this, praise such efforts, give such children early music lessons, take them to concerts, etc. As a result such children become successful composers, performers, etc. at a much higher rate than children who didn't have similar dispositions. Note that this tells us nothing about what would happen if we exposed all children to early music lessons, concerts, praise, etc. So it just does not follow, as Kaus says, that "you can probably *never* [italics his] be as good" at writing software as the nerd down the street.

Of course, it's also possible that genes determine musical ability via some specific structures in the brain which are not much affected by what we can do with environments. But even if the society rewarded musical ability with income and prestige, there would inevitably be a lot of looseness connecting the possession of those abilities and success. Sheer luck plays a large role in determining economic success—consider the fact that the range of occupational status among brothers is 75 per-

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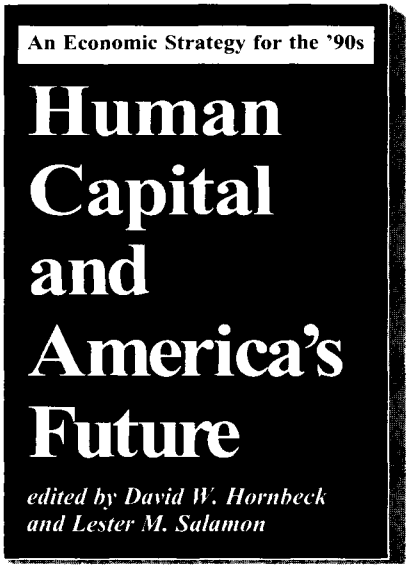

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cent of the variance of people picked at random—and that is not likely to change as the society grows more "meritocratic."

GERALD DWORKIN
Professor of Philosophy
University of Chicago
Chicago, Illinois

To the editors:

Kaus's "The End of Equality" is deterministic claptrap based on genetic fallacies. Even if one were to assume that motivational and other factors such as intelligence and personality were genetically underpinned to a considerable degree, the prevailing models are all polygenic. Not only would the offspring of assortative matings of like-minded "smart" people, on the whole, in any one generation, regress to the mean, but the percent of equally talented offspring would be a small portion of all their offspring—albeit the odds would be greater than the average "non-smart" family could hope to achieve. Does Kaus believe that upper-middle-class people gloating in their apprentice-based competition that plowed under their competitors would tolerate the likelihood that better than 95 percent of their children will not be up to their own snuff? Much more likely they will find that lots of money for tutors and lots of stimulation and opportunity will compensate for the ease they had in getting ahead. They will do exactly what, by implication, Mr. Kaus denies for most Americans. Most of humanity has the potential to do law, medicine, college teaching, and other desired upper-middle-class work because most of humanity is not brain damaged.

It hurts my field of human genetics when shallow genetic models are offered to the popular press as if these were based on the type of hard work and experimentation that have gone into the development of molecular biology. Social policy should not be based on highly speculative biological models of human abilities.

ELOF AXEL CARLSON,
Professor of Biology, SUNY
Stony Brook, New York

To the editors:

Kaus says male lawyers now marry female lawyers where they "used to marry their secretaries." Of course they didn't; they married other lawyers' daughters. Contrary to Kaus, it is neither "obvious to practically everyone" nor true that "pairing-off has increased in recent decades"; marital class-stratification in the United States is at a historic low. So "success" (at what?) is *not* being "passed genetically from generation to generation *more now than it used to be*," and the whole argument falls to the ground.

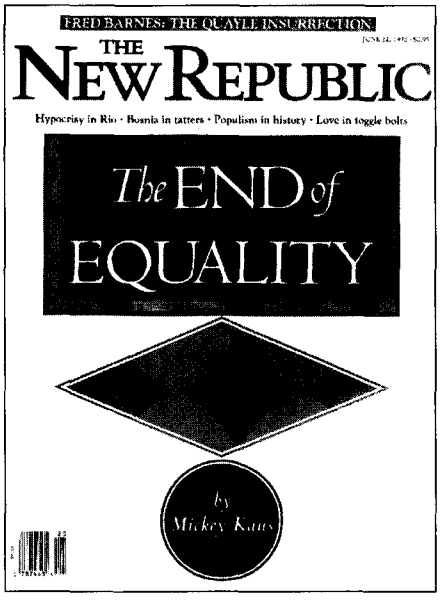
But grant Kaus's premise. Today's marriages still make for more selective mental breeding only if you assume, as he apparently does, that today's female lawyers are smarter than yesterday's female secretaries—in other words, that women's recent penetration into the profession is a consequence of increased intelligence rather than increased opportunity. Pretty silly, isn't it?

DANIEL FELLER
Albuquerque, New Mexico

Wisse up

To the editors:

To argue that anti-Israeli feelings in the Arab and Islamic worlds are rooted in


FRED BARNES: THE QUAYLE INSURRECTION
THE
NEW REPUBLIC
Hypocrisy in Rio • Bosnia in tatters • Populism in history • Love in toggle bolts
The END of EQUALITY
by Mickey Kaus

anti-Semitism is simply to ignore the historical events in the region over the past century ("The Unchosen," by Ruth Wisse, June 15). However much Ms. Wisse and others want to obscure matters with heated rhetoric about anti-Semitism, the root issue remains the displacement of hundreds of thousands of Palestinians, the destruction of 400 Palestinian villages, and the ongoing attempt by extremists in Israel to erase any trace of Palestinian nationalism and culture.

Likewise, Wisse suggests that President Bush and Secretary of State Baker are anti-Semitic because they seek some kind of peaceful compromise in the Middle East. When one gets finished counting all the anti-Semites in Ms. Wisse's imagination, the only people left are those who support the policies of the now deposed right-wing Shamir government. It might be convenient for Ms. Wisse to slander peace advocates in this way, as it saves her the troubling task of reviewing Israeli policies in Lebanon, the Occupied Territories and Israel itself, but it is hardly an accurate assessment. There is nothing anti-Jewish or even anti-Israel about our position, though we suspect Ms. Wisse already knows that.

HELEN SAMHAN
Deputy Director
Arab American Institute
Washington, D.C.

Hardcore

To the editors:

What a relief to read someone else's paean to hardware stores ("Tooling Around," June 22). I've been an addict of them and couldn't define why. I don't think Adler has caught the reasons completely, though. When I'm in danger of depression or even generalized angst, I go to browse and buy at Strosnider's, a wonderful hardware store in Bethesda. I think the reason these stores are appealing is because the salespersons focus on your *problem* and its potential solution, and on you as a participant in the process, not only as a consumer. At Strosnider's, I've heard the salesmen tell customers, "No, you really don't need to replace that $16 part, you can fix [the problem] with this 23-cent doohickey." (Yes, they do say "doohickey.") Last week, after a particularly hard day, I went to Strosnider's to buy various wonderful objects (a crimping/stripping tool, a line-tester), and then to wander around. A salesman asked if he could help me find something, and I said, "No, I'm just feeling down and thought I would look around some more." Without skipping a beat, he said, "I know exactly what you mean. When I'm depressed I go to hardware stores, bookstores, and, sometimes, libraries, myself."

During this political year, places like Strosnider's will become even more popular. But I don't think there will be many Perot supporters in the hardware stores—these customers already realize how hard some problems can be to solve.

BARBARA LINDEN
Washington, D.C.

The editors welcome correspondence from readers. Letters should include the writer's full name, address, and telephone number; be typed double-spaced; and be held to under 200 words. Letters may be edited for space. Please address letters to: Correspondence, TNR, 1220 19th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

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FROM WASHINGTON

Serves him right

George Bush has done three impressive things in his life: his bravery in World War II, his masterly direction of the Gulf war, and the brilliantly demagogic campaign that got him elected president in 1988. For some people, including me, nothing will ever redeem Bush after his despicable performance four years ago—or nothing short of an abject apology. We predicted, without much confidence, that the whirligig of time would bring in his revenges. But I, at least, never dreamed it would be in the person of H. Ross Perot.

Who knows? Bush will probably be re-elected and it will then be decreed that the Perot phenomenon in some way helped him: by splitting the anti-incumbent vote, or whatever. But right now the Bush people themselves don't see it like that. They're worried. And if Ross Perot does prove to be Bush's undoing, some seeds of that undoing can be found in Bush's own first presidential campaign. Perot is the result, in some ways, not of Bush's failures but of that remarkable success.

It is delightful to hear the Bushies squeak that Perot is some kind of dangerous authoritarian—a "temperamental tycoon" with "contempt for the Constitution," says Dan Quayle with Agnevian alliteration. Drug czar Bob Martinez: "This nation didn't gain a hard-won victory in the cold war only to surrender its constitutional liberties to a secretive computer salesman...."

Unfortunately, it's a little late for Bush and company to be convincing in the expression of such sensitivity about fragile civil liberties and the sacredness of the United States Constitution. Who can forget Bush day after day ridiculing the American Civil Liberties Union, spitting out the letters "A...C...L...U..." like a curse?

Not that the ACLU is beyond criticism. But Bush's campaign issue was not criticism of the ACLU's occasional excesses. The issue was framed as an invitation to raw majoritarian sneering at unpopular minority beliefs. It was of a piece with that disgusting Pledge of Allegiance business—the suggestion that Michael Dukakis was insufficiently patriotic because as governor he didn't want to force teachers to salute the American Flag against their will.

As for the Constitution, casual monkeying with the sacred text is a virtual signature theme of Bush politics. It's his favorite recourse when in need of a quick popularity fix. One day it's an amendment to outlaw flag burning, the next day it's an amendment to ban abortion or require a balanced budget or authorize prayers in school (leading to law professor Walter Dellinger's excellent joke that what we need is a constitutional amendment requiring schoolchildren to pray for a balanced budget).

If Ross Perot has sometimes sounded a bit, shall we say, impatient in his enthusiasm for a crackdown on drugs, that is certainly not out of keeping with the all-must-give-way-before-this-overwhelming-crisis rhetoric of the Bush drug "war," back when that was the political flavor of the month. The very existence of a drug "czar"—a Bush creation—is suggestive.

I don't think Ross Perot, even if he were elected president, would pose a fundamental threat to American liberty. He doesn't aspire to create a police state and couldn't do it anyway under our system. It's certainly true that a love of civil liberties and tolerance of dissent require constant nurturing by a democracy's leaders. But the Bush people should have thought of that earlier. If the citizenry is now too slow to detect and resent authoritarian sentiments in presidential candidates, the incumbent deserves a large chunk of the blame.

The Ross Perot campaign is also giving an ironic hindsight glow to all that cheap anti-elitism Bush was peddling back in 1988. Mock populist resentment of "Harvard Yard" was Yale man Bush's most daringly dishonest campaign theme. They are at it again in 1992 with this routine about the so-called "cultural elite." Rich boy Dan Quayle is leading the charge, as coached by his Harvard-Ph.D. chief of staff, William Kristol.

But when it comes to "country boying," as they say in Texas, George Bush is no match for Ross Perot, with his magnificent and genuine Texarkana twang. Told four years ago that Texas hicks are morally superior to snot-nosed Ivy Leaguers, voters are having no trouble this time around separating the longhorns

continued on page 65

TWENTY YEARS LATER...

What we remember about the most traumatic event in recent American history provides fascinating clues about how the past survives and is transmitted across generations—in the face of conscious efforts to rewrite history.

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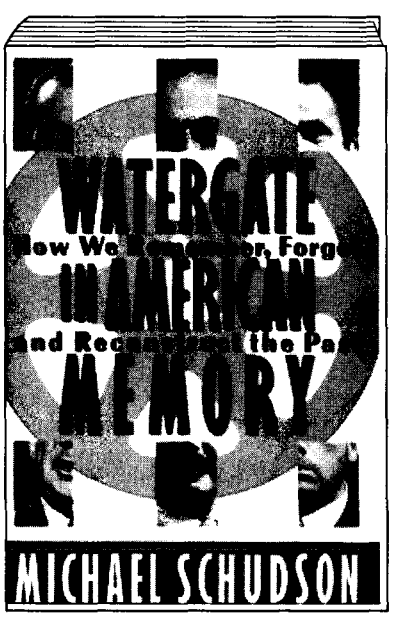

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

JULY 27, 1992

THE CASE AGAINST CASEY

The editors of this magazine have never been accused of sentimental attachment to *Roe* v. *Wade*. Ever since our original editorial in 1973, written by the late constitutional scholar Alexander Bickel, we have criticized *Roe* for creating by judicial fiat a right that should be protected by politics. But after comparing *Roe* with *Planned Parenthood* v. *Casey*, we must conclude that the Reagan and Bush justices on the Rehnquist Court—the arch-conservative dissenters as well as the compromising majority—are even less principled than their Burger Court predecessors.

There is an appealing whiff of rebellion, to be sure, about the refusal of Justices O'Connor, Kennedy, and Souter to carry out the very task for which they were nominated. But the justices never justify their rebellion by providing a substantive defense of the decision they claim to reaffirm. They start down Justice Blackmun's original path, invoking *Griswold* v. *Connecticut* and Justice Harlan's opinion in *Poe* v. *Ullman*, which located a right to use contraceptives in the liberty clause of the Fourteenth Amendment and in the penumbrae of the Bill of Rights. Asserting that abortion and contraception are similar "in some critical respects," they extrapolate from these decisions a still more sweeping "right to define one's own concept of existence, of meaning, of the universe, and of the mystery of human life," which includes, they assume, the right to abort before fetal viability.

As a constitutional matter, however, *Casey* is far less defensible than *Roe*. The 1973 opinion was at least faithful to the questionable logic of its constitutional antecedents: if abortion really was, like contraception, a "fundamental" right or "basic" liberty, then according to Justice Harlan's reasoning, any restrictions on it had to be scrutinized strictly and could be sustained only if they were necessary to achieve a compelling state interest. Despite their quotes from Harlan, however, Justices O'Connor, Kennedy, and Souter have untied *Roe* from its constitutional mooring. They have invented a new legal standard for evaluating restrictions on abortion—the "undue burden test"—which has no precedent in Harlan or anywhere else in constitutional law. And their only justification for treating abortion differently is their purely personal and legislative judgment that the state's interest in discouraging abortions is somehow different than its interest in restricting other protected rights.

As a legislative compromise, too, *Casey* is less defensible than *Roe*. Unlike the *Roe* trimester system, which at least had the virtue of clarity, the "undue burden test" seems to be infinitely malleable. Justices O'Connor, Kennedy, and Souter, for example, think that a twenty-four-hour waiting period is not an "undue burden," while Justice Stevens thinks it is. By giving judges this kind of arbitrary power over the details of abortions, the test can only encourage liberals to continue the self-defeating focus on courts (rather than legislatures) that they were just beginning to abandon.

The most remarkable aspect of the *Casey* decision is that Justices O'Connor, Kennedy, and Souter frankly acknowledge their political motives. They refuse to say whether or not *Roe* was rightly decided because overturning it "under fire" would make the Court look political and illegitimate. The circularity of their logic is exquisite. It was *Roe*'s lack of persuasive constitutional support that made the Court look illegitimate to begin with; and by reaffirming the result without defending the reasoning, the *Casey* majority not only appears, but stands exposed, as less legitimate than *Roe* itself.

The conservative dissenters, however, look just as unprincipled as their more moderate colleagues. In an opinion joined by Scalia, Thomas, and White, Chief Justice Rehnquist unexpectedly endorses the Warren Court precedents inventing a right to contraception. He then asserts—again without any analysis—that abortion is different. The intellectual concession is devastating. Rather than attack *Roe* at its flimsy roots, the dissenters have chosen a position that is politically convenient but constitutionally flawed.

The *Casey* decision offers an embarrassingly intimate vision of the Rehnquist Court, in which the red velvet curtains are unexpectedly lifted and the justices are exposed *in flagrante politico*. We can imagine any number of plausible ways that *Roe* might have been clearly overturned, or perhaps even reaffirmed on different grounds. But it is astonishing and sad that almost twenty years after *Roe*, no justice is prepared to attack or defend the right to choose by making coherent constitutional arguments instead of merely asserting political results. •

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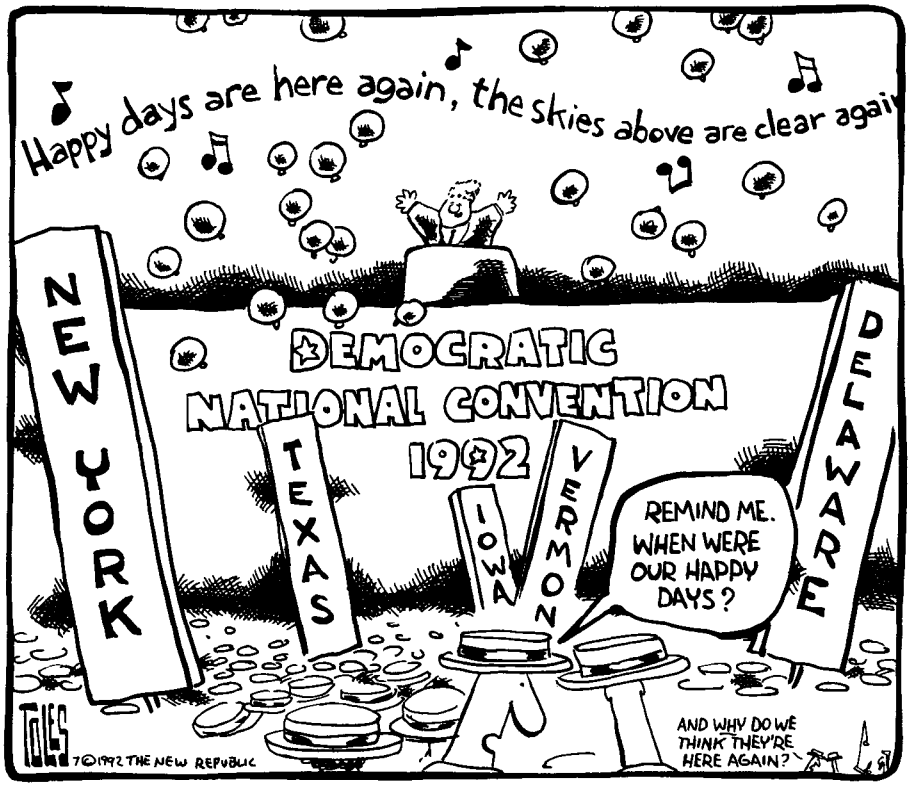
NOTEBOOK

BUSHISM OF THE WEEK: "I think—I think my opinion as the—as the divorce—I mean as the abortions have gone up—my, my opposition to abortion has increased. And so I—yes, I think my—I think it's clearer to me now, and I'm not, I'm not going to change my position."—In an interview with Barbara Walters on ABC, June 24, 1992.

POD WATCH: *U.S. News and World Report* has been at it again. After Mortimer Zuckerman's slavish column about Perot, the June 29 issue featured "Ross Perot's America: His boyhood, his career, his values—in his own words." The piece smacks of a deal with the campaign. Instead of a story, it's an edited version of a Perot monologue, delivered in response to questions from the magazine's editors. We get five pages of Perot malarkey, comprised mostly of comments like, "To understand my childhood, you should get an old Schwinn bicycle and ride with me the hundreds of miles I used to ride while I was collecting [classified ads]." He glides over allegations about his war record, his use of private investigators, and his treatment of employees. ("The part that's the real Silly Putty category is that I'm autocratic and dictatorial," he says.) What follows next is four pages of puffery about Perot's supporters in the heartland. This is not journalism. It's advertising.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REMIND ME. WHEN WERE OUR HAPPY DAYS?
AND WHY DO WE THINK THEY'RE HERE AGAIN?
TOLES ©1992 THE NEW REPUBLIC

SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE: The Navy is undoubtedly relieved that President Bush recently reiterated his support for the ban on openly gay men and lesbians in the military, even though the General Accounting Office has just put the cost of the ban at $27 million in 1990 alone. The Navy must surely be thankful that in the future, military personnel will still be spared all those unwanted sexual advances by predatory gay men. And that the rank-and-file sailors and officers can therefore concentrate more fully on sexually traumatizing their female colleagues.

DESIGNER RUBBLE: Ice-T is the latest beneficiary of the craze among politicians for taking on rap singers. Last week Dan Quayle blasted the singer—quite properly—for his song "Cop Killer." This kind of stuff is great for record sales. In the June 29 issue of *Newsweek*, Ice-T stands looking most pleased with himself amid what appears to be wreckage from the L.A. riots, dressed in a rap uniform: black sweatsuit, black hat, black sunglasses, chains and rings. The photo credit: "...Grooming by Lori Matsushima for Cloutier."

DAN QUAYLE, TAKE NOTE: "Murphy Brown" rated only third out of ten in a recent study of America's "most biased" prime time shows by the right-wing Media Research Center. The study attacks the program for its "promotion of abortion, single motherhood, and Nina Totenberg." Word is Murphy was the source of the Anita Hill leak.

WELCOME I: This week TNR's contributing editors are joined by Tatyana Tolstaya and Anna Husarska. Tolstaya, whose recent collection of stories is *Sleepwalker in a Fog* (Knopf), is one of the jewels of her generation of Russian writers. Her essays on the politics and the culture of the collapsing Soviet Union have appeared often in these pages, and last year they were nominated for a National Magazine Award. Anna Husarska, the mother of all globe-trotters, has reported for TNR from every corner of the world, from Warsaw (her point of embarkation, as the passport says) and Bucharest and Vukovar and Havana and Jerusalem. Her piece on Russian condoms appears in this issue.

WELCOME II: Michael Lewis made his debut in American journalism in January 1987 in TNR. His second piece, appearing shortly thereafter, "When Bad Things Happen to Rich People," detailed his experiences at Salomon Brothers. Although it was written under a pseudonym—Diana Bleeker—it meant his days were numbered at that institution. His departure led to *Liar's*

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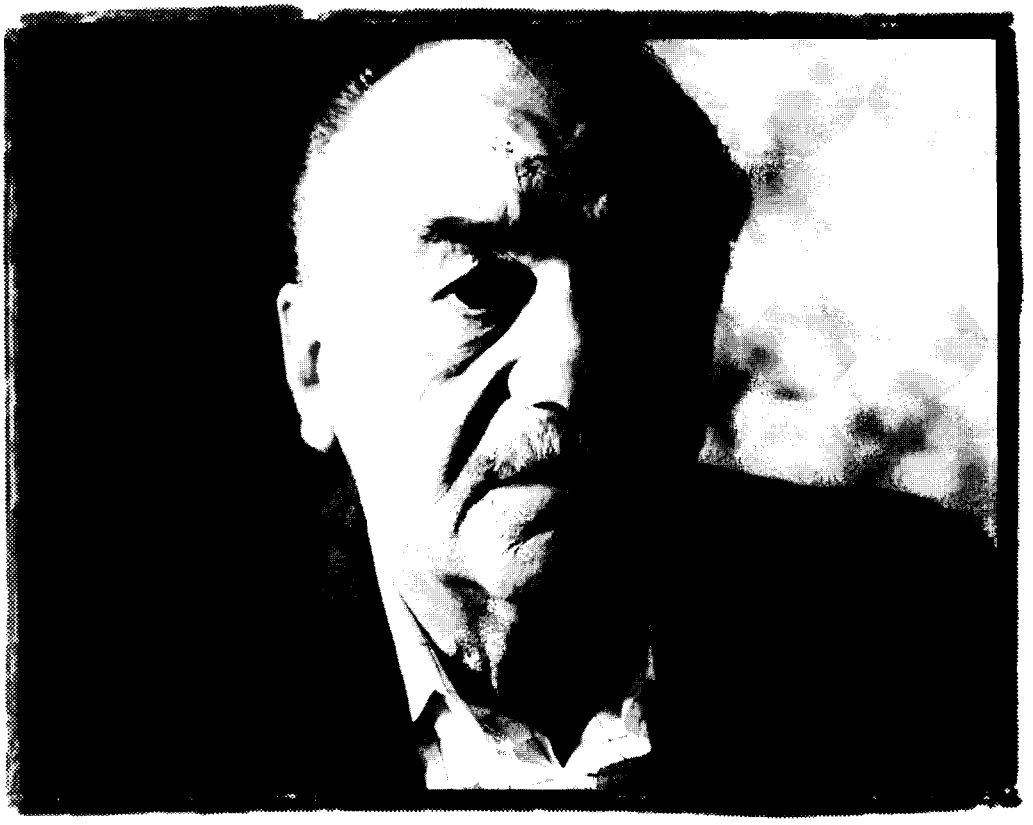
Anyone Listening to Voters?



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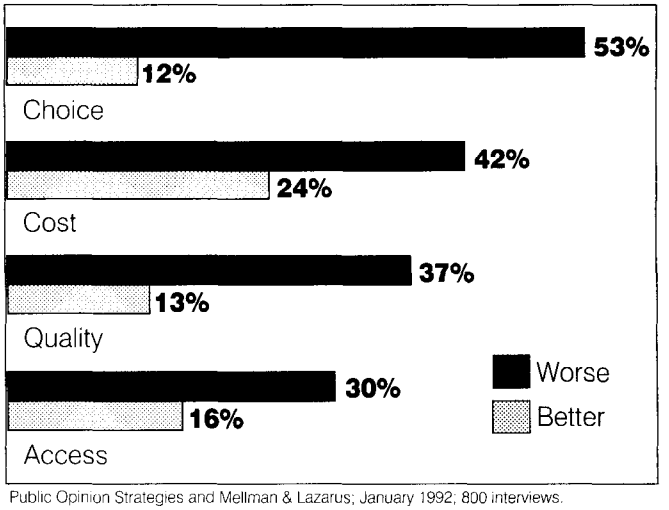

Public Opinion Strategies and Mellman & Lazarus; January 1992; 800 interviews.

Margin of Error ± 3.1%; Respondents who answered "Don't Know" or "Neutral" not shown in graphs

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Poker, a world bestseller. After a detour at the London *Spectator*, Michael has now returned home to TNR as a senior editor. He'll be writing about finance and business, but also about politics, culture, and the strange byways of the city he now inhabits. We're delighted to have him back.

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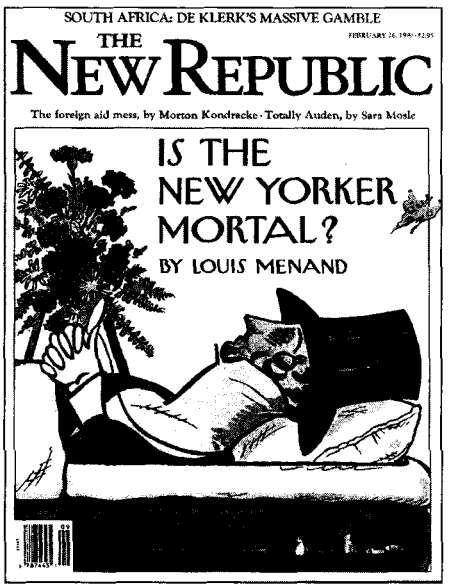

—*The New Republic*, February 26, 1990

Bill Clinton, survivor.

THE REANOINTED

By Sidney Blumenthal

"I can't believe we've lost it all," said a bleary-eyed Bill Clinton in the early morning hours before the polls opened for the New Hampshire primary. He had gathered around him in the Days Hotel in Manchester his political directorate for the unveiling of the last tracking poll numbers. Before the story in the *Star* broke about Gennifer Flowers, his numbers had climbed steadily to a 10-point margin over his nearest rival, Paul Tsongas, a native son from neighboring Massachusetts. Then, to the drumbeat of "scandal," his numbers tumbled rapidly until they matched the temperature outside—16—and it appeared that the political weather would get chillier. Despite a last-minute orgy of retail politicking, the final poll numbers were crushing. His staffers were stunned. "We just curled up in a fetal position," said one.

Yet Bill Clinton arrives at the Democratic convention in New York City confident—something few expected even a month ago. There has been a strange fortuitousness about his misfortune. Undoubtedly, in the absence of the successive "scandals" that befell him, his path would have been almost clear. But if Clinton had won that easily, the resentment of his smoothness might have seethed even more powerfully within the party, and the coalition he had built would have been subject to falling apart under stress. He might have won everything swiftly, but established no true base. When the radiant image of the early Clinton was replaced by a caricature of a dissembling, cheating hack, his campaign, by necessity, became a desperate struggle for survival. A real primary campaign that would otherwise have been avoided forced Clinton to fight. The wounded candidate had to confront in his opponents various narrow approaches to the party that would neither have renewed nor unified it.

Clinton's fall sent him on two journeys, each one representing sides of his persona. One track carried him through a political war—not only against his rivals, but against rumors and articles that relentlessly told the tale of his miserable "character." The other path was a slow slog of earnest policy wonkery, of speech after speech on serious issue after issue. The two journeys seemed divergent for months. Yet, on the eve of the convention, they have suddenly converged to form a whole candidate.

Clinton had never expected any of this. He had not even anticipated becoming the front-runner. In the beginning of his political war, he thought he would face Mario Cuomo, that the campaign would be long and grueling, but that he had a fair chance of winning it. If he did, he believed his stature would be great because he would be hailed as a giant-killer. When Cuomo failed to run, Clinton thought that Bob Kerrey would become a formidable candidate. But Kerrey's inability to shape a campaign thrust front-runner status on Clinton almost overnight. He expected personal attacks, even rumor-mongering. So he and his wife, Hillary, appeared at the Sperling Breakfast, an institution of the Washington correspondents, to explain that, yes, they had had trouble in their marriage, but had patched it up. They were more forthright than any previous political couple. Thus Clinton believed he had preempted difficulty. He had a naive faith in the national media's sense of responsibility. Clinton was relatively unsurprised that a tabloid sheet would publish unsubstantiated claims, but he was shocked when CNN broadcast Gennifer Flowers's press conference live. The respectable prestige press followed suit by using the tabloid "character issue" as the filter for nearly every subsequent story on Clinton.

Clinton's major strategic miscalculation was his belief that because charges against him had been raised by his opponents in Arkansas and dismissed there, the national press would not give them much credence. "They look so small and petty," he had remarked to a friend about his local enemies on the day he announced his presidential bid. But in the wake of the scandals,

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Clinton's staffers felt that they were caught in an updated version of Poe's *Pit and the Pendulum,* choked with terror at the inevitably lowering blade. Combating rumors became an all-consuming preoccupation of the campaign. Numerous old stories that had been dealt with in past Arkansas elections, exhumed by Clinton's parochial enemies, were repackaged by reporters eager for a sensational scoop. The Dan Lasater affair was a prime case—the story of a high-rolling bond dealer, convicted of cocaine distribution, who was friendly with the governor's younger half-brother. In his 1986 campaign, charges that Clinton was somehow implicated in Lasater's wrongdoing were hurled against him by his opponent but knocked down. Now the Lasater business resurfaced in the press as if it were a revelation. Meanwhile, copycat bimbos—Gennifer wannabes—appeared on the doorsteps of a number of local television stations and newspapers across the country. The campaign was constantly called for comment on their tales, none of which ever aired.

DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

This arduous journey was essential to forging the Clinton coalition. One of the many things Clinton had not expected was Paul Tsongas as a serious opponent. Derek Shearer, a professor of public policy at Occidental College and an old friend of Clinton's, who played an integral role within the campaign from the start, was perhaps the only one of Clinton's senior advisers who had taken the trouble to read Tsongas's much-touted plan. On election day in New Hampshire he sat down with James Carville, Clinton's shrewd political consultant, to discuss why the Tsongas plan was another version of trickle-down conservative economics. That night, while Clinton proclaimed himself the "Comeback Kid," Carville flew to Georgia, site of the next primary, to brief Governor Zell Miller, a Clinton supporter, who blasted Tsongas the following morning. (Clinton won Georgia big, and Miller is slated as a keynote speaker at the convention.)

By defeating Tsongas, Clinton dispelled good-government anti-politics. In effect, he had lifted the rock of Dukakis off the party. Like Dukakis, Tsongas substituted policy (the sacred) for politics (the profane). Just as Dukakis in 1988 broadcast ads depicting a smoke-filled room of pols as the evil with which he was contending, Tsongas cast politics itself as evil. Both Dukakis's and Tsongas's view was essentially a distillation of the New England Yankee's view of the pandering Irish pol. Tsongas fit Clinton into the frame that had once held Curley.

Tsongas quit the contest almost in a fit of pique on the eve of the Connecticut primary. His support went as a protest vote to Jerry Brown. Once again, Clinton was surprised, and in New York he confronted the remnants of a left wing that played a negative-sum game of identity politics based on fragmented categories of race, gender and sexuality. Through this looking glass, anyone who tried to create an overarching coalition was condemned as reactionary. Brown has the identity of someone searching for an identity, a familiar figure in the cults, grouplets, and sects of the left. But the left had drifted so far from its moorings that it found itself defending Brown's principal policy, the flat tax—an idea that discarded the single most important instrument of economic democracy, the progressive income tax. Clinton attacked Brown for his economics, just as he had Tsongas. In New York, as elsewhere, the one who criticized conservative economics won with a bedrock coalition of working-class whites and blacks.

In striking down Brown, however, Clinton had not finished striking down identity politics. He still had to contend with its champion—Jesse Jackson. Jackson saw himself as a Democratic candidate, even when he was not running. Clinton's criticism of Sister Souljah's appearance at a Rainbow Coalition conference was an implicit attack on identity politics as the basis of the Democratic Party. Clinton was releasing the Democrats from the Jackson obsession and the complementary anti-Jackson obsession, which share the notion that Jackson alone

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speaks for blacks. Clinton was quietly backed in his attack by elected black leaders, many of whom, like Congressman John Lewis, a key Clinton supporter, have clashed with Jackson since the civil rights movement.

Clinton based his criticism on common morality, thereby attacking a fiction of identity politics that blacks are a group walled off from the rest of America and that the only conduit back and forth is Jackson. Clinton was able to handle Jackson not simply because Sister Souljah was such an absurd figure; Clinton also had a lengthy record on race. His three speeches after the L.A. riot laid the groundwork for defusing Jackson later, though he'd hardly planned it. With his fight with Jackson, he removed the last real obstacle to his ability to define the party.

Bill Clinton's politics would not have prevailed if he had not linked them to his policies. And as soon as he had vanquished the unanticipated challenges of Tsongas and Brown, he began his march of policy anew. He rejected the notion that he should dispel the "character issue" by making a Checkers-like mea culpa, and doggedly began to focus on Bush on a substantive level. His campaign in Pennsylvania was launched with a policy address on economics at the Wharton School, Michael Milken's alma mater, which provided an ideal backdrop for his critique of what had gone wrong in the 1980s. A long environmental speech followed the economics speech. And each were neglected by the press, especially the network news. Just when the field appeared to be clear, Clinton disappeared from view.

Clinton can talk the talk and walk the walk, but he is never quite the perfect wonk. As a consummate pol, he can never be that one-sided. He has diligently read and studied monographs in almost every area of social policy. He knows the details of apprenticeship training programs in Germany, health care in France, and child care in Israel. He is not donnish, but mind-numbingly empirical and pragmatic. More important, his policy wonkery is about more than the details: it's a central part of his personality, the way in which he has rationalized and defended his ambition.

The source of his policy expertise can be traced back to his relationships at Oxford, and even back to his own way of transcending the limits his background might have imposed on him. His need to escape led him to transform the fatherless poor boy, abused by an alcoholic stepfather, into the 16-year-old representative to the American Legion Boys Nation, who shook hands with President Kennedy, then into the Oxonian, and the longest serving governor in the country. It was also what drove him to confront the byzantine political world of Arkansas with a policy-oriented politics. Among his most hard-won achievements was convincing the state to accept higher taxes for education reforms. (The constitution requires a three-quarters vote for passage of any tax but a regressive sales tax, making any reform almost inherently unpopular.) Clinton's reformism evoked a schizophrenic response of pride and resentment: Hurrah for Clinton! Who does he think he is?

Clinton believed in education as the fundamental way to uplift his backward state, as he believed in it as the only way to escape his origins. Ironically, focus groups conducted by his campaign have consistently interpreted his intelligence to be the result of a privileged upbringing. Many infer that he must come from an old money family. The confoundment is a sign of how well the self-made man has succeeded. And the residue of this journey—an instinctive recourse to policy—has emerged throughout the campaign.

Going into the California primary, Clinton was nervous that Ross Perot would soon propose a detailed program to complement his image of a man of "action." Clinton did not want to be second. Every weekend, from mid-May on, his three closest policy advisers—Robert B. Reich, Ira Magaziner, and Derek Shearer—all friends from his Oxford days—gathered at the Governor's Mansion in Little Rock to draw up a national economic plan.

On June 22 Clinton released "Putting People First: A National Economic Strategy for America." It was vintage Clinton in its empiricism: he translated precisely a belief in government into investment in human capital and productive goods. The plan offered the substance to broaden his coalition; his policy capped his politics. Politically, the plan had four impacts. First, it consolidated his position within the Democratic Party. Both the mayors of the big cities and Jackson had criticized Clinton for not agreeing to a plan to reconstruct urban America. Clinton's plan, however, was more comprehensive than theirs. Clinton appeared at a meeting of the Conference of Mayors, where he now received enthusiastic support. And Jackson was isolated. Atlanta Mayor Maynard Jackson, a Clinton supporter, called him from the mayors' meeting to tell him to get on board.

Second, the plan demonstrated Clinton's earnestness to the electorate, dealing indirectly with the "character issue." Incredibly, a poll showed that two-thirds of the voters had heard of his plan and a majority actually supported it. Third, it was crucial in helping Clinton edge ahead of Perot in the polls. Another surprise for Clinton was that Perot failed to propose his own plan. Perot's entry into the race both complicated politics and made it simpler for Clinton to be himself. By persevering on policy, he made his strongest case against the undefined phenomenon without having to engage him head-on. When Perot begged the question of what he would do, Clinton began to be given credit for his substance. Once the conservative notion that the country's social problems would be solved by the automatic operation of the market fell into discredit during the continuing recession, the alternative to Bush had to draw a renewed focus. Perot, by making the argument for governmental action without providing any program, only undergirded Clinton's position.

Clinton's disinclination to pick two or three easy themes all along had frustrated many of his political

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advisers. One of Clinton's politicos wanted him to study Garry Wills's new book on Lincoln to try to learn how to become more succinct. Clinton studied it and even spoke with Wills. But his inclination is to explain as much as he can. Being succinct strains his powers, as his nominating speech for Dukakis in 1988 made painfully obvious. Clinton sees the interconnections among the issues and wants to tell you all about them. His flaw is more than the desire to please; it also flows from his cast of mind. In the end, reducing his content to easy themes might have made it harder for him to make his case; for what he needed—and wanted—to defend was substantive politics. He had to present his character whole—pol as wonk, wonk as pol, all of a piece.

Clinton's fall forced him to defeat narrow conceptions of the Democratic Party and to forge a new coalition and political identity for himself. The figure who takes governing seriously is what the country wants but has had trouble seeing in Clinton. Now his nomination testifies to his perseverance, highlighting a morality tale that tells itself. And as the Democrats gather in Madison Square Garden, the very early Clinton, who was there all along, is reemerging. •

Clinton's best idea.

APPRENTICES' SORCERER

By Morton Kondracke

Thanks to Bill Clinton—and, at least equally, to Hillary Clinton—the U.S. political system is almost certain to do something constructive for a truly "forgotten" group: the 60-odd percent of high school graduates who either don't go to college or don't finish. These are people whose life prospects are being eroded by the failures of American schools, by increased foreign competition, and by the information-age economy's demand for skills.

Under the influence of his wife and two old friends and economic advisers, Ira Magaziner and Robert B. Reich, Clinton has made upgrading worker skills a central part of his agenda both as governor of Arkansas and as a presidential candidate. The campaign has advanced such ideas as youth apprenticeships, "lifetime learning," and a European-style tax on corporations for worker training. The press and rival candidates have focused mostly on his proposals for middle-class tax cuts and tax increases for the rich, but his training initiatives are likely to do more to advance future prosperity.

Reich and Magaziner contend that upgrading the skills of workers is the most efficient way to improve American productivity and competitiveness—far superior, Reich says, to giving big tax breaks to individuals or corporations, which can spend the proceeds as easily overseas as in the United States. Reich, Magaziner, and Hillary Clinton knew each other as college student body presidents in 1968 and 1969 (at, respectively, Dartmouth, Brown, and Wellesley). Bill Clinton, Reich, and Magaziner were students at Oxford together. The four comprise a cozy little group and have been talking to each other about economics, industrial policy, politics, and education for twenty-four years.

Clinton's high-profile espousal of worker training has forced the Bush White House to promote kindred "empowerment" ideas. Labor Department officials have been drawing up programs to help the non-college bound for four years, but weren't able to get through to Bush or his domestic advisors until the campaign loomed. Bush proposed a training agenda in January, including apprenticeships and reform of high school vocational and post-secondary career education, but he did not send legislation to Congress until April. Nothing is likely to pass this year because training is caught up in election-year political wars, but the chances are it will pass next year, regardless of who is elected president.

The problem both candidates are addressing is this: the average income of young people who don't attend college is going down. According to one 1990 study, inflation-adjusted earnings for workers under 25 with only a high school diploma are 28 percent lower than they were fifteen years ago. A 1992 Department of Labor report said that the percentage of white high school graduate males 25 and older who do not make enough money to keep a family of four out of poverty has risen from 8.3 to 22.2 since 1969. The proportion for blacks has gone from 20 percent to 41 percent, and for Hispanics, from 16 percent to 36 percent. Ten years ago high school graduates with no college made 74 percent of the wage of a college graduate; in 1991 they made 65 percent.

Hillary Clinton has been addressing this trend for more than five years, and Reich for even longer. In 1987, as a board member of the W. T. Grant Foundation, she helped produce a landmark report, "The Forgotten Half: Non-College Youth in America," that focused not only on the 15 percent of young people who drop out of school before graduating and never return, but also on the 41 percent whose education stops with high school and the 20 percent who start but don't finish college. (Twenty-four percent of all young people now finish college, up from 11 percent in 1960.) Hillary was also on a commission on skills chaired by Magaziner, which in June 1990 produced an even more influential report, "America's Choice: High Skills or Low Wages!" It recommended creating a nationwide system of technical and professional certificates for workers and incentives for employers to train workers and reorganize workplaces to use highly trained labor rather than new machines.

The commission traveled to six countries where corporations participate in "play or pay" training schemes under which they either train their own workers or con-

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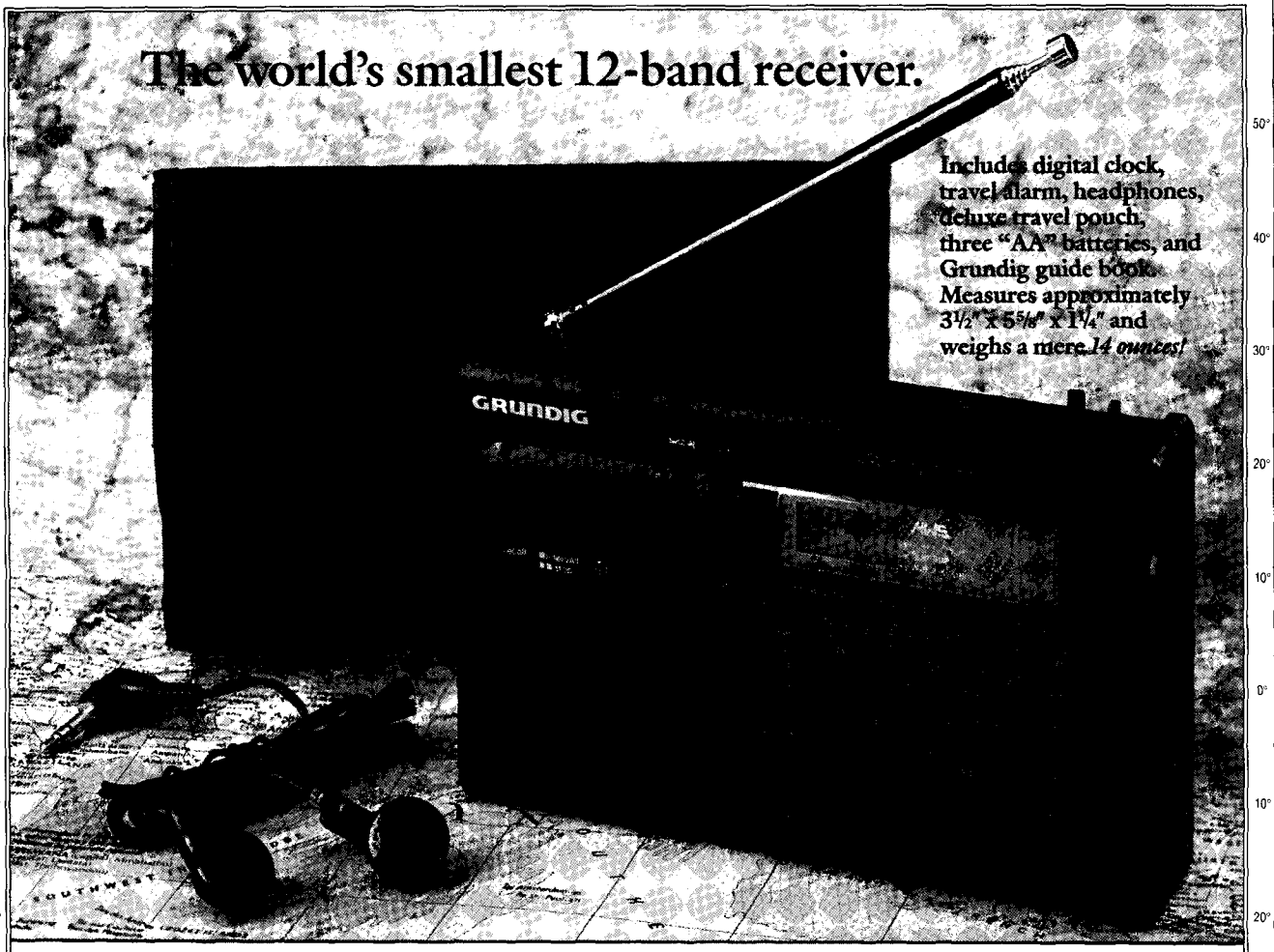

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tribute to a government pool to do so. In Germany corporations are required to spend 2.3 percent of payroll for training; in Sweden and Ireland, 2.5; France, 1.5; and Japan, 1 percent. In the United States employers spend an average of 1 percent on training, but 70 percent of that goes for seminars for executives and marketing employees (often at cushy retreats) rather than production workers. Clinton is recommending a 1.5 percent requirement, which may cost corporations as much as $30 billion a year.

When the "America's Choice" report was completed, Hillary Clinton became chairman of a task force on implementation of its recommendations. In the fall of 1990, she also got the Arkansas Department of Education started on apprenticeship planning, and Bill Clinton pushed the resulting legislation into law in 1991. The state is currently setting up six initial programs to begin this fall. After two years of combined school and training and two more years of training and work, students are supposed to be capable, certified, (and employed) health, computer, radio, or machine technicians.

The Bush administration actually beat Arkansas into the field with six apprenticeship demonstration programs in 1990, created by the Department of Labor's Office of Work Based Learning. Training was nowhere on Bush's own agenda, though, until Lynn Martin became secretary of labor in 1991. She claims that Bush has become an enthusiast on the subject—and, indeed, in some respects his program is bolder than Clinton's.

Bush opposes employer mandates and tax credits. Instead, his "Jobs 2000" legislation places sixty federally funded training programs, including high school vocational education programs and for-profit "proprietary" schools, under supervision of local private industry councils to ensure that programs meet their standards and needs. There's a hitch, however: for-profit trade schools are represented by a powerful lobby in Washington, the Career College Association, which has successfully resisted efforts to link eligibility for receipt of federal student aid checks with placing students in jobs.

Bush should be commended for tackling the proprietary schools, but he's dreaming if he thinks the $55 million he has proposed spending—just over $1 million a state—will spur apprenticeships. The administration plan basically calls for better delivery of job training services that the government currently provides, at a cost of $18 billion. Clinton's apprenticeship scheme, which according to his recent economic plan would cost $1.5 billion in new funds, is bolder as well as more honest about cost.

In any case, the "forgotten half" is no longer as forgotten as it was. Members of Congress have introduced eight other apprenticeship or worker-training packages. Proposals to address the issue will be part of both Republican and Democratic platforms, and Ross Perot presumably will be along with his own ideas. Between Clinton and Bush, however, Clinton is more likely to make non-college Americans a priority. After all, it wasn't until he started hollering about it that Bush admitted there was a problem. •

Jim Pinkerton and Bill Clinton.

PARADIGM'S LOSS

By Mickey Kaus

In 1988, as director of "opposition research" for the Bush-Quayle campaign, James Pinkerton discovered a furloughed killer named Willie Horton in the past of Democratic presidential candidate Michael Dukakis. The rest is history. In late 1991, as a policy planner in the Bush White House, James Pinkerton ventured an opinion about Democratic presidential candidate Bill Clinton. "I noted with interest Bill Clinton's 'New Covenant' speech," Pinkerton told a Washington symposium. "It seems to me that a Republican could take that speech, change about ten words, and have a pretty good message for the GOP primaries, not to mention the general election."

At the time, Pinkerton had good reason to like Clinton. For more than a year he had been having regular dinners with several Clinton advisers as part of the "New Paradigm Society," a group founded by Pinkerton and Democrat Elaine Kamarck to explore the possibility of a left-right consensus on domestic policy. The New Paradigm envisions a form of government activism that would (in Pinkerton's words) "expand individual choice, empower the poor, and create decentralized, flexible, and adaptable institutions" to replace old-style "centralized bureaucracy." Letting parents choose from among competing schools and letting public housing tenants buy their apartments are the paradigmatic New Paradigm schemes.

Pinkerton wasn't the first to talk about a New Paradigm. Journalist David Osborne coined the term. But the NP is the concept that turned Pinkerton from a gawky political hack into someone *Mademoiselle* actually put on its list of "the greatest lovers of the Western world." I remember going to a Christmas party in 1989 and finding myself in a corner, talking policy with this giraffe-like man who seemed to wear his trousers up around his navel. He was funny and open-minded—at the time he was pushing an idealistic plan to give underclass kids jobs planting trees. Soon I was attending his "paradigm" meetings. The next November budget director Richard Darman sneered at the NP idea in a speech, and Pinkerton sneered back, a brilliant career move. A *Washington Post* "Style" profile quickly followed. In 1990, when I attended the same Christmas party, there was a distinct buzz in the room. "Jim Pinkerton's here!" "Did you see Jim Pinkerton?" "I think Pinkerton's already left." "No he hasn't." People were elbowing Jody Powell out of the way to get to him (just as a decade earlier they

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A view from Washington

THE ROAD FROM RIO LEADS IN THE DIRECTION OF NATURAL GAS

With the once-looming Earth Summit now just a distant rise on a receding horizon, it is time for America and the world to go forward and realistically confront the choices necessary to balance economic prosperity with environmental management.

We must get beyond the polarized rhetoric of global green politics and begin building our future on a solid middle ground. This middle ground is a place where environmental and economic goals reinforce each other. It is a place with both clean air and factories. Not far below the surface of that middle ground is a reservoir of clean-burning natural gas.

The Rio Summit raised a lot of questions for American policymakers:

- How can the U.S. implement new environmental standards without hurting economic performance?
- What is a cost-effective vehicle fuel that can reduce smog in American cities?
- How can America increase its overall energy efficiency — enabling the nation to simultaneously reduce consumption, costs and environmental hazards?

These questions and others can all be answered with the same two words: natural gas. Turning to natural gas, renewable, and other efficient energy technologies can reduce smog in our cities and decrease U.S. greenhouse gas emissions and overall energy consumption — all while increasing employment. A recent study by the Alliance to Save Energy, the American Gas Association and the Solar Energy Industries Association, with peer review by Worldwatch and the Natural Resources Defense Council and others, explains how.

Achieving an "*Alternative Energy Future*," as the study is titled, does not require expensive or restrictive government programs. Instead, a free-market approach based on the active adoption of energy-efficient technologies as required by appliance efficiency standards and integrated resource planning; intensified research and development; and the elimination of market barriers, regulations and subsidies that protect the energy status-quo is enough to bring a dramatic turn in America's environmental course.

Natural gas is an integral part of that *Alternative Energy Future*. Not only can it serve as a part of environmental solutions, but it also can dramatically reduce America's trade deficit and dependence on foreign oil. The United States draws 99 percent of its gas from North America, and there are several hundred years of supply within our continent.

Natural gas is clean burning. In automobiles, for example, an advanced natural gas engine emits 90 percent less smog-producing reactive hydrocarbons, 90 percent less carbon monoxide and 30 percent less carbon dioxide than a standard gasoline engine. There are about 30,000 vehicles operating on natural gas in the United States today, and 700,000 around the world. Detroit is already manufacturing limited numbers of natural gas-powered cars and vans on its assembly lines.

The clean properties of natural gas make it a better choice than ever for a broad range of applications, from generating electricity, to fueling factories and running CFC-free air conditioners. Natural gas is a fuel for America's future.

Better still, natural gas can be substituted for dirtier fuels by using existing and affordable technology. The American people do not need to wait years for some promised breakthrough — or empty their pockets — before the cleanup can begin.

There are a number of barriers that stand in the way of a cleaner alternative energy future including: state laws that subsidize coal use and preclude natural gas; the Department of Energy research and development budget, which spends 7 percent on natural gas technology, even though natural gas supplies 25 percent of America's primary energy needs; and electric utility promotional, rate-making and dispatching practices that encourage the use of high carbon fuels and less efficient technologies. Eliminating these and other barriers is not expensive. Doing so would actually save consumer and taxpayer dollars.

Making the changes outlined in the study would lead to a doubling of the use of solar, wind and other renewable energy sources, as well as a 40 percent increase in the use of natural gas. Free market forces are already moving our economy in the direction of energy efficiency and environmental protection. Knocking down roadblocks will empower the market to accelerate that progress.

The study predicts that the elimination of these market barriers would reduce U.S. CO_2 emissions by 12 percent by the year 2010, save $137 billion in energy costs, and create jobs in the energy-efficiency and alternative-energy industries. As the study shows, the much-discussed tradeoff between environmental progress and economic growth is a false one. With natural gas, America and the world can have both.

In this era of environmental choices, natural gas is better than a good idea. It is a realistic and practical solution.

Mike Baly

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had elbowed others out of the way to get to Jody Powell).

In Pinkerton's expansive view, the NP amounts to nothing less than a "fourth revolution in American government." The first was 1776, the second the creation of a modern nation in the Civil War, the third the New Deal. Now, Pinkerton claims, technology and global markets are breaking down centralized structures, and the "bureaucratic welfare state" is next on the list. "Why can't we use new technology to create a citizen-driven, desktop, user friendly, 800-number government?" he asked, presciently, last September, before Jerry Brown and Ross Perot made the idea a cliché.

Pinkerton dutifully portrays his political patron as the leader of this revolution, even delivering a recent speech in which he compared George Bush and the NP with Abraham Lincoln and the end of slavery. (Pinkerton went on, in all seriousness, to equate Jack Kemp with Harriet Beecher Stowe, and a Congress-bashing Bush sound bite last March with the Emancipation Proclamation.) But Bush, as Pinkerton knows, only talks about the NP because Pinkerton feeds him the words. The presidential candidate who has discussed Pinkerton's idea unbidden, obsessively, is Clinton. His speeches are clotted with references to "empowerment" and "entrepreneurial government." Clinton often cites Osborne's latest book on the subject, which Pinkerton blurbed. In mid-1991, as chair of the Democratic Leadership Council, Clinton delivered a speech Pinkerton could easily have written. "In the Information Age," Clinton said, Democrats could not rely on "monopoly decisions handed down from on high by government bureaucracies...." They needed to "reinvent government."

Nevertheless, shortly after praising Clinton last year (at a symposium proclaiming an emerging, NP-style, left-right consensus), Pinkerton moved back from the White House to the Bush campaign staff, from the job of finding new *weltanschauungen* to the job of finding new Willie Hortons. His mission is now poignantly simple: to destroy the one candidate who seems earnestly engaged with his own New Paradigm idea.

Is that idea worth preserving? It's fair to say that the dominant view of the New Paradigm among insiders (the only people who care) is that it's a crock. This is the position staked out by Darman. It's also the view of many in the non-DLC wing of Clinton's camp, some of whom don't take kindly to the idea of the Governor's aides dining out with GOP hit men. "Intellectual faddism," declares Clinton confidant Derek Shearer. Shearer says he doesn't mind the NP dinners, but finds the concept itself "useless."

Others, especially in the press, tend to think its utility is exclusively political. For Bush, of course, the NP provides the appearance of a domestic agenda. For Clinton, it provides the appearance of heretical innovation. At best, in this view, NP initiatives are useful gimmicks for state and local governments in the Reagan-Bush era of tight budgets—but they hardly amount to a new ideology. Even some Democrats who attended the NP dinners now emphasize that they did it mainly to make connections. ("It was a clusterfuck," one puts it.)

But you don't have to see the New Paradigm as a new ideology—or even a new paradigm—to realize that Pinkerton may actually be onto something. The place to start, I think, is with a famous essay by Albert O. Hirschman that contrasts two mechanisms by which organizations are made to respond to their own poor performance. One mechanism is "exit." Customers take their business elsewhere. Workers take new jobs. The incompetent organization either improves or dies. The second mechanism is "voice," in which "dissatisfied consumers (or members of an organization), rather than just [going] over to the competition," choose to "'kick up a fuss' and thereby force improved quality or service upon delinquent management."

"Exit" is the basic recuperative mechanism of the marketplace. "Voice" is generally associated with some form of politics—with angry parents petitioning their local school board, for example. In 1969, when Hirschman wrote, it's fair to say that "voice" had "exit" on the run. Advocates of the market were being forced to defend a reliance on "exit" even in the private economy. Indeed, Hirschman's essay appealed to American left-liberals because he argued that economic organizations might become more efficient if there were *fewer* opportunities for "exit" (and consumers were therefore forced to exercise their "voice"). Robert B. Reich, another Clinton adviser, got so carried away at one point that he called reliance on voice over exit "close to the heart of what separates modern liberals from modern conservatives."

If so, it's bad news for modern liberals, because in the real world "exit" is now decisively beating out "voice" as a mechanism of accountability. For example, the Detroit auto companies, whose customers were ineffectively "flitting back and forth" in 1969, according to Hirschman, finally did get the message—not so much from Ralph Nader (a practitioner of "voice") but from Nissan and Toyota, to whom consumers began exiting in droves. "Exit," it turns out, works. The New Paradigm can simply be seen as the argument that the mechanism of "exit" should be employed, not just in the private, economic sphere, but, wherever possible, in the public sphere. We can't wait for political "voice" to resuscitate sclerotic urban school systems, the argument goes, any more than we could wait for Detroit to reform itself. Let parents choose their own schools like they choose cars, and the best schools will survive. The worst will disappear.

"Exit" doesn't necessarily require an uncontrolled market. In education, the most radical "choice" scheme would dispense vouchers that parents could exchange at either public or private schools. Affluent parents would undoubtedly take the vouchers, add money of their own, and use it to send their kids to exclusive Exeter-like academies. But another New Paradigmy reform, "charter schools," avoids this defect. Under this plan, teachers

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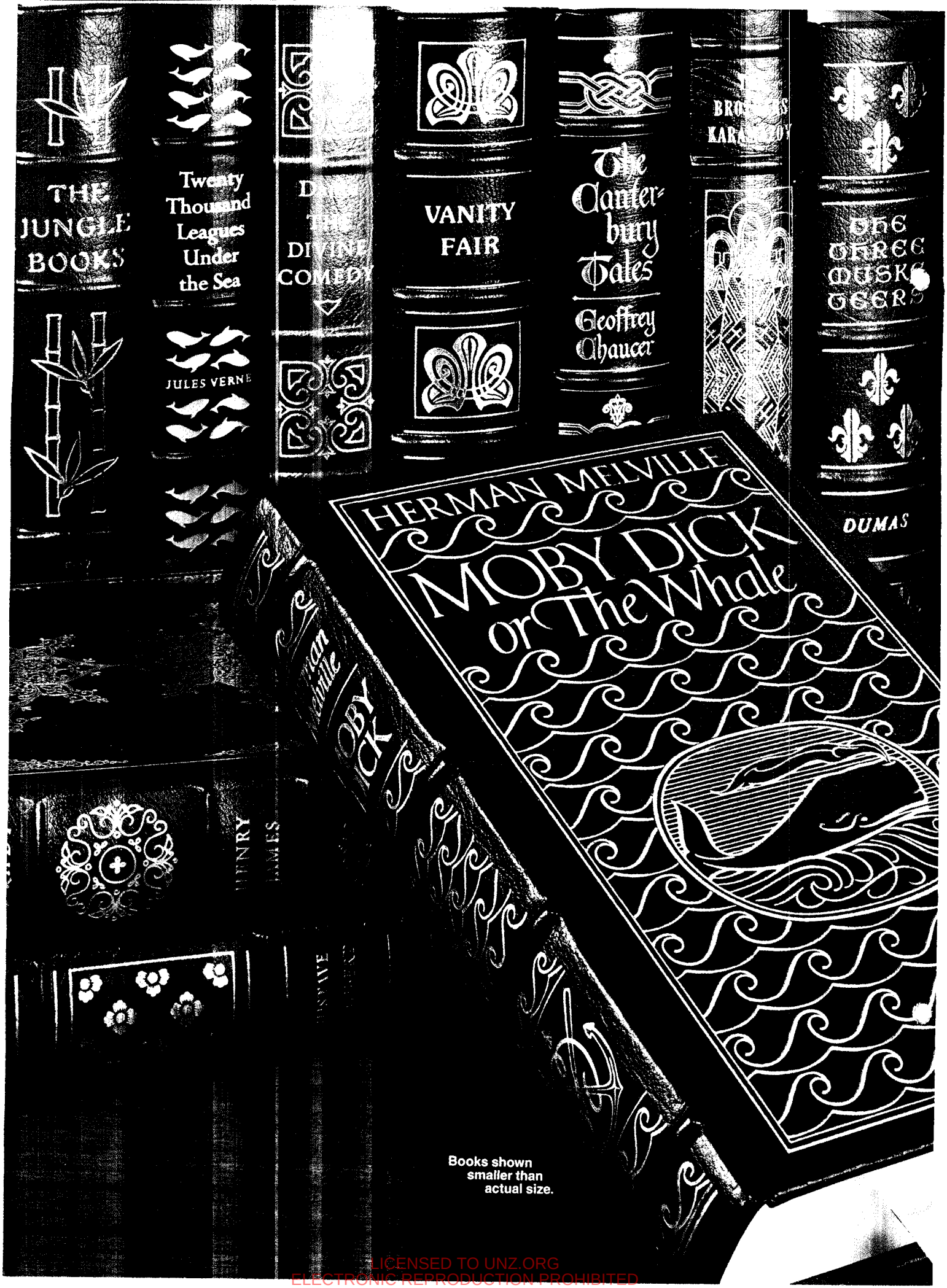

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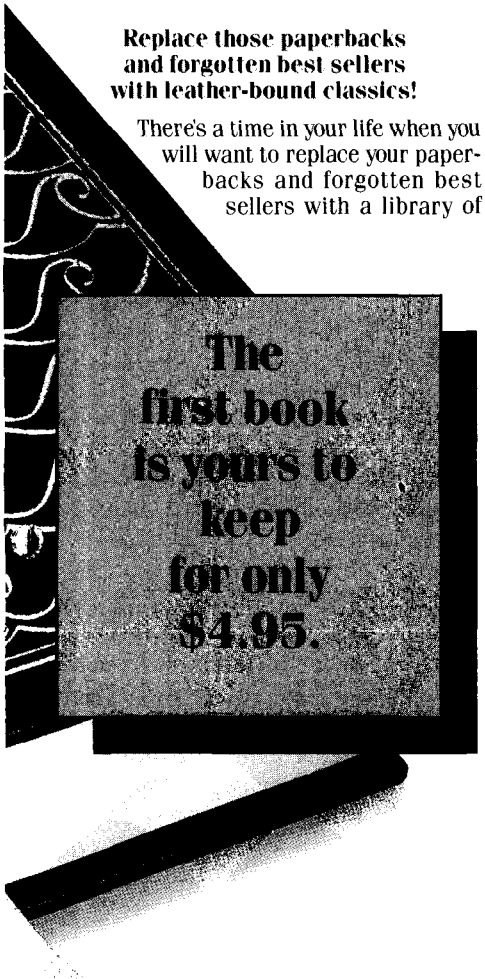

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could establish new "public schools" that would compete with all the other public schools for parental business. But tuition charges would be prohibited, and the schools would have to serve all comers on an equal basis. "Exit" would do its work—lousy schools would still go out of business—but without a money-stratified market.

If Hirschman's essay is as important as a generation of liberals have said it is, then Pinkerton's New Paradigm is important too. It doesn't eliminate the question of what government should try to do, and there are areas where "exit" doesn't apply. (Can we give drivers a "choice" of competing highways?) But even if the NP only moved the scrimmage line between "exit" and "voice" a few dozen yards in the direction of "exit," that might amount to a semi-revolution in the practice of government. Liberals like Clinton, who have the keenest interest in seeing that government works, have the most to gain.

Pinkerton claims that, whatever he said in late 1991, Clinton "has fallen short" in NP terms. And indeed Clinton's commitment to "choice" and "empowerment," like so much else about him, has turned out to be a little slippery. The DLC types who are most sympathetic to the NP all say that Clinton understands the idea, and agrees with most of its applications. What they doubt is his political will. He has, for example, endorsed parental choice among existing *public* schools but not the idea of new "charter" schools, which is far more threatening to teachers' unions. (The "public choice" scheme Clinton implemented in Arkansas is especially tepid, requiring students at, say, poor urban schools to obtain the approval of the rich suburban school they want to attend.) Likewise, Clinton endorses "tenant ownership," but cites a program in Tampa that doesn't actually sell off any public housing units. Most conspicuously, Clinton doesn't dare offend public employee unions by talking about contracting government services out to competing private firms.

On the other hand, Clinton recently rebuffed New York Mayor David Dinkins' attempt to gut even the "public school choice" provisions of the Democratic platform. Clinton has also converted all of his state's day care subsidies into NP-style vouchers, and he favors tradeable "pollution credits," an NP approach to environmentalism. Bush, says Osborne, "will mouth [New Paradigm] things that other people come up with . . . but it's not his core. With Clinton, it is his core." As a Democrat, Clinton is probably better-positioned to actually implement NP ideas, on Nixon-goes-to-China grounds.

Pressed, Pinkerton's explanations sound increasingly strained. He notes that, at the unions' behest, the words "entrepreneurial government" were "stricken" from the Democratic platform. ("It's just a phrase," counters Osborne.) Pinkerton says he's disappointed at Clinton's willingness to propose a "massive" tax increase. ("That's ridiculous," says Osborne.) Pinkerton claims Clinton has been forced to rely on "the most retrograde elements in the Democratic Party and in American society: big city mayors." (Osborne calls that "a very elitist thing to say.")

Earlier this year, at the chummy NP party for Osborne's book, Pinkerton gave a more revealing answer when I asked him how he would feel about savaging Clinton. This happened to be the day, during the New Hampshire primary campaign, when Clinton's famous "draft letter" was released. Pinkerton joked that he didn't think he would have to worry about his Clinton predicament for very long.

But the letter didn't knock Clinton out of the race, and it didn't take Pinkerton off the hook. If a Willie Horton turns up now in Clinton's closet, will Pinkerton use it? Of course. When it comes to winning and losing there is no new paradigm. •

My lunch with a condemned man.

SALMON RUSHDIE

By Geraldine Brooks

LONDON

The man from Scotland Yard's Special Branch had a filament of dust clinging to his hair. He'd been checking for mullahs in my attic. A disembodied voice crackled from the radio under his jacket. "Car is entering the lane, over." He turned to me. "Do you mind if we leave the door open now?"

When Salman Rushdie comes to lunch, he doesn't knock. He's just suddenly *there*, a genie with a floppy brown fedora pulled low over his face. His skin has the fish-like translucence of a man who doesn't see much sun. Outside, the warm air was full of roses and honeysuckle. It would be nice, I thought, to eat in the garden. The Special Branch huddled and discussed the height of my fence. With permission, we sat down under the peach tree, but the curious glances of a house painter on a ladder across the lane soon forced us inside. We retreated to the basement kitchen. Over our heads floorboards creaked under the weight of pacing bodyguards. Radio static drifted down the stairs.

Upstairs, in my study, is a half-written book about women and Islam. On the desk are notes for the chapter about the women of Hezbollah. When I sit down to write, the shadow of the Rushdie *fatwa* falls across the page.

Last fall I met a Hezbollah leader in a shell-scarred village in southern Lebanon. We sat on his sunny terrace. He stared at a floor tile an inch in front of my shoe, so as not to be polluted by gazing at a strange woman. When I told him the title of my book, his black brows knotted. "You will have to be very careful," he said gravely. To his ears, *The Prophet's Daughters* referred to Muhammed's four children—Fatima, Zeinab, Ruqaya, and Um Kalthum. I explained that I meant the title metaphorically, encompassing all Muslim women. "Then you should call your book 'Daughters of Islam,'" he said.

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Bush's New Voucher Program: GI Bull

BY ALBERT SHANKER, PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF TEACHERS

Last week, President Bush launched his latest education initiative, a $500-million voucher plan that he calls the GI bill for elementary and secondary schools. GI bull would be a more appropriate name.

The original GI bill paid the entire cost—tuition, room, board, books and other expenses—of a college education that former U.S. servicemen and women would not have gotten without it. The Bush proposal provides only $1000 a year to help pay for the cost of a private school education. Unlike the GI bill, which was an entitlement, this will go to a relatively small number of students, all of whom are already getting a fully paid-for education in public schools.

President Bush is selling the idea that public school students will be able to get a better education at private and parochial schools, but if Vice President Quayle can't spell, President Bush can't read his own government reports. The most recent results of the National Assessment of Educational Progress show that 17- and 18-year-olds in private schools—and about to graduate from high school—don't do any better than public school students when you control for family background. So the "education president" is about to spend $500 million to give kids an education that is no better in quality than the one they are already getting.

Bush wants to spend $500 million to give kids an education that is no better than the one they are already getting.

The President talks a lot about how his voucher program will give families the right to choose. When parents hear the word "choice," what goes through their minds is that *they* will get to choose where their children will go to school. It's true that they will have a right to apply wherever they'd like. But the schools will choose which kids will be accepted. Many schools that people agree are excellent will already be full. If there are vouchers, the top-notch schools that now have some places left will have lots of applicants for those few seats.

And what President Bush did not say is that probably very few public school students would get the $1000 because students whose parents are already paying for their private or parochial school education would also be eligible for the voucher. And there are so many kids already in these schools that the entire $500 million could be used up in this way.

When teachers in Los Angeles are facing a 15-percent pay cut, student services there are being drastically curtailed and the school year is being shortened—and it's the same story in school districts all over the country—can anyone really argue that the best way for the U.S. to spend $500 million is to help pay tuition costs for parents who are already paying them?

Even the parents who are now paying tuition would probably be disappointed if the Bush plan were to pass. What's likely to happen if 500,000 parents get $1000 to help pay the tuition they are now paying from their own pockets? I bet it would turn out to be like my experience with doctors' fees. Before I had health insurance, many years ago, doctors charged $10 for an office visit. When I started to work and was covered by health insurance, my plan paid the $10 for an office visit. Very soon, my doctor raised his fee to $20—so he got $10 from insurance plus $10 from my pocket. A year later, when insurance coverage increased to pay $20, the charge became $30. Studies in Western Canada, where the government started programs like the Bush plan, show that's just what happened in education. The injection of large sums of money into the private system did not reduce what parents paid; it resulted in increased tuition in these schools.

President Bush also claims that using public money to send children to private and parochial schools will help improve both—and that without such competition, public schools will not improve. The argument is without merit. If you have two or three companies competing with each other under the same rules, the best product is likely to win. But that's not the kind of competition we'll have here. Public schools have to take all comers—which means the kids no private school wants or has to accept. So the competition between public and private schools will be about as fair and productive as the competition between Japan and the United States. We operate under one set of rules and they operate under another: The U.S. lets in almost all of their products and they keep out almost all of ours.

Furthermore, public schools in Germany, France and Japan—countries where the education system is much better than ours—are not engaged in competition with private schools. Excellent public education does not depend on competition with private schools or on government support of private schools. It depends on government policy to support public schools.

But the major flaw in the Bush plan is that it undermines the traditional values of our country. It views education as a consumer good—as something that I, as a parent, buy for my children from some vendor (Chris Whittle?). That goes against the tradition and the values that have made our democracy the envy of the world. Education is a public good that communities have provided for all children because they are future citizens. In the early years of the republic, we discovered that if one person buys the services of a fire company to put out fires in his house when his neighbor has no such arrangement, the protection is not worth much. The notion that our democracy can succeed if we view education as an advantage that a few can buy for their children—without caring about all the others—is a delusion.

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"That way, if you make a mistake, perhaps it is not so serious. But if you call it 'Daughters of the Prophet,'" he said, suddenly raising his turbaned head to shoot me a piercing glance, "be sure you do not make any mistakes."

In Iran a few months earlier, the threat had come with the morning's news. Ettore Caprioli, the Italian translator of *The Satanic Verses* had been slashed and tortured by an Iranian demanding Rushdie's address. Hito Igarashi, the book's Japanese translator, had been stabbed to death. The Ministry of Islamic Guidance had assigned an interpreter to help me with interviews for my book. She had perfected her English in London, studying medicine. When the Shah fell, she put on a chador and went home to join the black phalanx of women chanting for Khomeini. The day of Igarashi's killing, her face—the tiny uncovered triangle between brow and lip—glowed. "This," she declared exultantly, "shows the power of Islam."

It isn't always necessary to go to Lebanon or Iran to feel the chill. A few weeks ago, at a party in London, I chatted with an adviser to the U.S. government who has spent fifteen years studying Islam in Africa. I told him I was having trouble with a chapter of my book on the jealousies and scandals that beset Muhammad's twelve wives. "Why are you *touching* that?" he exploded. "Don't you know that writing about Muhammad's wives is what got Rushdie into trouble? You must know how offensive Muslims find it."

Rushdie didn't write about the prophet's wives. He wrote about a mentally ill character whose tormenting dreams featured prostitutes who had the same names as Muhammad's wives. I am trying to write about the real women: 10-year-old Aisha, who was called from play on her swing to consummate her marriage to the aging prophet; the gorgeous Zeinab, Muhammad's daughter-in-law, a glimpse of whose partially clad body provoked a divine revelation rewriting the laws of incest; the Egyptian, Mary, with whom Muhammad broke the rules on equal sexual treatment—having sex with her on Aisha's day, and in Hafsah's bedroom. Most of the Koran's rulings on women coincided with the scandals and upsets in the prophet's own household. Leave the harem curtain closed, and it becomes impossible to give a context for the rules that run the lives of half a billion Muslim women.

But what will happen to my book if it contains what my turbaned adviser from Hezbollah would call "mistakes?" Has Khomeini's death sentence on one writer won Muslims the right to be safe, forever, from taking offense? "Publishers in England and America are scared stiff at the moment of anything that arrives with a Muslim brand name on it," Rushdie said, absently raking a fork through a piece of poached salmon. "I have a terrible feeling that they would send it off to various religious divines to be read, to see whether it's considered to be offensive or not. And that would be a hideous defeat."

To Rushdie, the publishing history of *The Satanic Verses* is a story of ebbing courage. Having stood up to the pressure over the hardback, Penguin retreated from the paperback. He believed that until the paperback was published, the affair "couldn't even begin to end"—it couldn't become an issue in the past. But when he went looking for another publisher, he couldn't find one. An anonymous consortium began publishing the book in the United States in March, to no audible outcry. But there is, as yet, no British paperback.

The British government's conviction on the Rushdie issue also seems to be on the ebb. Having severed relations in 1989 over the *fatwa*, it now has sent its diplomats back to Tehran, even though a clerics' foundation continues to offer a $2 million bounty for a British citizen. In June the foundation offering the blood money announced that, in addition to the fee, it would also "cover expenses for the extermination of the cursed writer," just in case any would-be assassins have been held back by the high cost of London hotels.

At the news-clipping library of London's Press Association, it is possible to weigh the world's waning interest in your hand. It takes four fat, heavy envelopes to contain the torrent of ink poured out on Rushdie's behalf in 1989. In 1990 his predicament still filled three. But the latest envelope, started in January 1991, is light and skinny, eighteen months later.

"What about Rushdie?" I asked a diplomat on the Middle East desk at the British Foreign Office. "I would have thought that was more of a Home Office problem now," he said, then gave a swift, sheepish grin. "I know that sounds rather a Pontius Pilate sort of thing to say."

Back in 1989, at one of the first demonstrations denouncing the *fatwa*, writers wore buttons saying, "I am Salman Rushdie." Now the real Salman Rushdie wears a T-shirt that says "Joe Bloggs" (the British equivalent of John Doe). His posture has the self-effacing slouch of an adolescent who desperately doesn't want to be noticed. His face pivots instinctively away from the faces of strangers. Sunglasses hide the distinctive droop of his eyelids and the improbable circumflex of his brows.

In the life Rushdie used to have, books spilled out of shelves, onto carpeted floors, and marched in stacks up the stairs. In hiding, he doesn't have his books. He used to travel frequently—finding his themes in Managua, Alice Springs, Bombay, Karachi. Now no commercial airline will accept him as a passenger. When he turns up in Washington or at Columbia University, it is because the British Royal Air Force has been prevailed upon to give him a lift. His life formerly was filled with politics. Now, without an address, he couldn't even vote in Britain's recent election.

The day Rushdie came to lunch, in Cairo an Egyptian writer named Farag Foda died of gunshot wounds inflicted by two masked men from Islamic Jihad. They'd opened fire from a motorcycle as he left his office. Foda's writing had mocked and denounced fundamentalists. His last essay, published the day before his murder, ridiculed extremists in an Egyptian town for banning the sale of eggplants because their shape might remind shoppers of sex.

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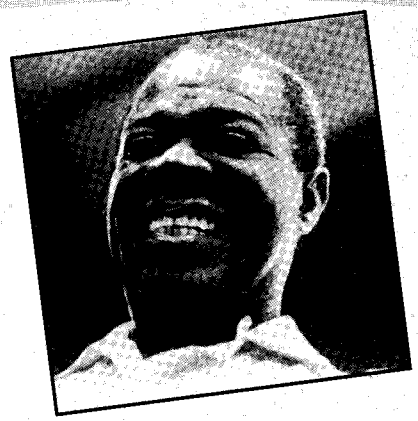

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To Rushdie, writers like Foda, living in Islamic countries without the protection of a Western government, are the *fatwa*'s first target. Many of them write to him. "The real power of the *fatwa* was to say to them, 'Look out, because you're here, and if you do anything we don't like, we don't have to go through all this rigamarole to get you,'" he said. Still, outside the Muslim world, he continues to have a problem persuading people "that what happened to me isn't an isolated issue of a writer who for reasons of arrogance or stupidity or greed said something uniquely horrible that called down this uniquely horrible response."

At a demonstration once in the West Bank, I saw unarmed Palestinian youths open their shirts and tap their chests, inviting the bullets of Israeli guns. Was Farag Foda tapping his chest? Is that what we all are doing these days every time we risk writing critically about Islam? Rushdie, at least, isn't taking that risk again. His next book—"another big, fat novel"—will draw on the emotional impact of the last three years, with a character who finds himself suddenly cut off from what he has always thought of as being his world. But it won't have anything to do with *fatwas*, or mullahs, or Islam. "Enough with God," he says.

GERALDINE BROOKS is a *Wall Street Journal* reporter based in London.

Why California's safe.

THE BIG ONE

By Jay Mathews

Easterners inspecting their newspapers after the big California earthquakes of June 28 soon arrived at the traditional doomsday paragraph. Many publications had some version of it, but the most complete was in *The New York Times*:

"The geological survey estimates that an 8.3-magnitude quake on the San Andreas about fifty miles from Los Angeles could leave 3,000 to 14,000 people dead, require the hospitalization of 12,000 to 55,000 people, and cause $17 billion in damage."

As always, it was terrifying, precisely the reason newspapers and magazines, particularly those far from California, have been so eager to print it and government agencies so quick to include it in hazard assessments. It has helped galvanize otherwise stingy congressional committees, kept the Office of Management and Budget's bloody fingers off the annual U.S. Geological Survey appropriation, and nudged more than one story onto the front page. Happily, this cataclysmic scenario is almost certainly false.

Fairy tales about a megaquake that would bring God's wrath down on hedonistic Californians have been around for ages, but they acquired powerful scientific legitimacy with the 1980 publication of a Federal Emergency Management Agency report, "An Assessment of the Consequences and Preparations for a Catastrophic California Earthquake." The widely circulated pamphlet became the source of all future doomsday paragraphs. It forecast from 3,000 to 13,000 deaths in an earthquake of 8-plus magnitude along the southern San Andreas Fault and from 4,000 to 23,000 if a 7.5-magnitude quake struck the Newport-Inglewood fault directly under Los Angeles County. FEMA encouraged apocalyptic conclusions: "The impacts of such an earthquake would surpass those of any natural disaster thus far experienced by the nation. Indeed, the United States has not suffered any disaster of this magnitude on its own territory since the Civil War."

Since the report was issued, California has had several large earthquakes, particularly the 7.1-magnitude Loma Prieta quake of 1989 (about sixty-five dead) and the 7.4-magnitude Landers and 6.4-magnitude Big Bear quakes of June 28 (originally two dead, since reduced to only one official earthquake death). Each produced far fewer than the anticipated number of casualties, forcing an assortment of off-the-cuff explanations—the tremblers struck less inhabited areas, or occurred at a safer time of day, or did not approach the force of the anticipated Big One.

A close examination of the original FEMA report would have been more rewarding. Its huge death tolls turn out to derive from stubborn imperfections in earthquake science—inadequate information, crude methods of analysis, and a tardy realization of the impact of modern building methods and improved medical services.

"Those estimates were not very good, but for planning purposes they were the best we could do," said Karl V. Steinbrugge, a consultant who worked on the 1980 FEMA report and is considered one of the giants of structural engineering in the United States. "When you extrapolate 1,000 times, you have many problems." Tom Holzer of the Geological Survey's Menlo Park, California, office said, "Those were not rigorous estimates by any means." Jack F. Evernden, a Geological Survey geophysicist in Colorado, said it was "not a real good data base."

The FEMA report neglected to warn of the dangers of drawing conclusions from relatively small earthquakes, or from large quakes that occurred long before modern building and medical techniques came into being. It also failed to note that the section of the San Andreas closest to Los Angeles was the unlikely to break in the way FEMA assumed, and that the Newport-Inglewood Fault was such a mystery that any predictions of its behavior were suspect.

Steinbrugge said the FEMA report grew from a 1972 study he helped prepare for the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration on potential earthquake losses in the San Francisco Bay Area. That report, unlike the FEMA pamphlet, was full of warnings of the uncertain

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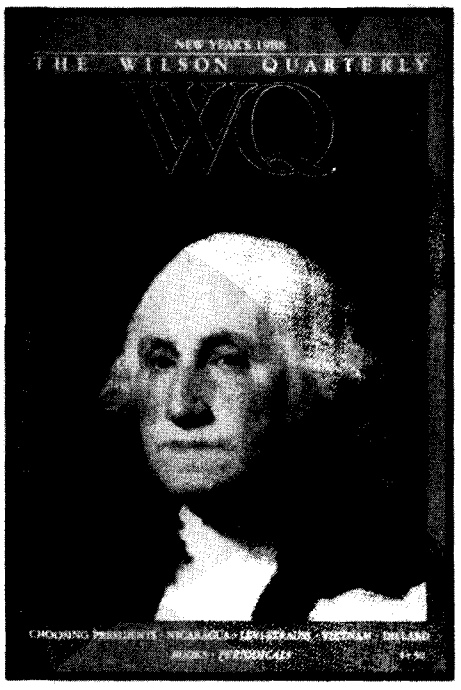

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nature of the calculations. It based its estimates on a complex formula using deaths-per-100,000 population ratios in previous U.S. earthquakes, none of which had produced more than a tenth of the direct earthquake casualties the report was attempting to predict. The report noted that the collapse of a single structure, the Veterans Administration Hospital in the San Fernando quake of 1971, drastically affected the death ratio being used to project future casualties. It said data from the 1906 San Francisco earthquake would be much less useful in assessing quakes today because "the unreinforced brick bearing wall buildings are slowly being phased out in the study area."

The Loma Prieta quake that hit San Francisco in 1989 reaffirmed the worth of modern construction, particularly when compared to the smaller 6.9-magnitude quake ten months before that took 25,000 lives in Armenia, where building codes were ignored or non-existent. Medical experts also thought it significant that Bay Area rescue units found quake victims quickly and got them to hospitals in time to prevent special problems such as crush syndrome, the tendency of damaged muscles to release poisonous substances into the blood stream.

Shortly before Loma Prieta, a report published by the National Academy of Sciences recommended skepticism about projections like FEMA's. "Estimates of casualties and homeless can be uncertain by a factor of ten," it said. But that caution was buried by renewed predictions of disaster after Loma Prieta and by another spurt of federal money. Fear of the Big One, Evernden said, "helped give FEMA a reason for existence."

Prodded by skeptics, the Geological Survey and FEMA have begun to reexamine the 1980 estimates. Walter W. Hays, deputy chief of research applications for the Survey's office of earthquakes, volcanoes, and engineering, said the Ad Hoc National Working Group on Earthquake-Related Casualties had its first meeting in Washington in May. An international forum on the same topic is scheduled for July 23 in Madrid. Hays said not all scientists are likely to agree that the old FEMA estimates are out of line, and even if they are, it is likely they will conclude the earthquake threat in other parts of the country, such as the Midwest, has been underestimated.

Preparation works best when based on something other than myth and guesstimates. Ironically, predicting worse may mean preparing less. "The reality of the earthquake is you probably are not going to see any major damage in your neighborhood," said Lucile Jones, a Geological Survey seismologist based in Southern California. "You'll just see no power and no gas and get a lot of calls from worried relatives. If people think they're going to die in it, they won't prepare. You won't get the food and water that will allow you to get through it."

Evernden agrees. "I'll take earthquakes and you can take tornadoes. I'll stay in my wood frame home and I'll be scared, but I'll survive." It will take some time, however, for editors and policymakers to lose their fondness for doomsaying. Evernden noticed that his Denver newspaper had a huge headline from California after the June 28 quakes: TWO PEOPLE KILLED. Underneath, almost as an afterthought, it noted that nine people had died on Colorado freeways that weekend.

JAY MATHEWS, a former *Washington Post* bureau chief in Los Angeles, reports for *Newsweek* from New York.

The Russians are coming.

KONDOMSKI

By Anna Husarska

MOSCOW

Enterprise Region-Contrast, as the factory twenty miles north of Moscow is euphemistically known, made 70 million pieces of product number two last year. "Four million above the plan," boasts director Anatoli Ivanovich Zubkov, using the language of central planning, though his factory started after that era in Soviet history ended. On each package is written (in English): "Our product will save you from many unwelcome surprises. GOOD LUCK!" The gift version of product number two that Anatoli Ivanovich gave me as a souvenir comes in the form of a hand-painted swan, complete with wings, eyes, and beak.

When the USSR was alive, condoms were only sold inside the country, where they were famously scarce. Now they are also shipped "abroad"—to places like Kiev, Vilnius, or Alma-Ata. Anatoli Ivanovich is eager to send his merchandise to more foreign countries, which pay in hard currency. Not out of greed, he assures me, but because hard currency is needed to buy latex from Malaysia. The funds for such purchases used to come from the Soviet Health Ministry. "Now we are on our own," he says. It won't be easy. Prospective buyers have come from Holland, South Korea, Germany, Italy, and India ("This one is a real market for our product," dreams Anatoli Ivanovich), but foreign clients have high expectations, and no deals have been struck yet.

Marketing, of course, is a novelty here. In the past, all trade contacts were handled by the Ministry of Chemical Industry and Petrol, since condoms—not entirely illogically—came under a subdivision of the tires department. Anatoli Ivanovich thinks that introducing some variations in product number two might attract foreign clients. His condoms now come in four colors (yellow, orange, green, and pink). Soon they will also be produced in two taste versions (rose and pine), though on further questioning, it turns out that those will be merely smell versions, not actual taste. The interview stumbles

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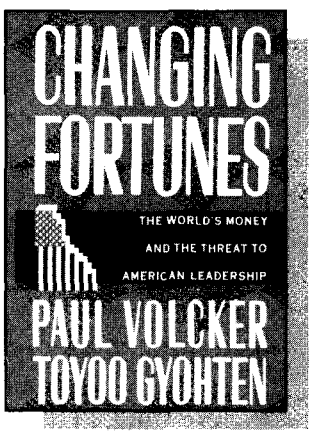

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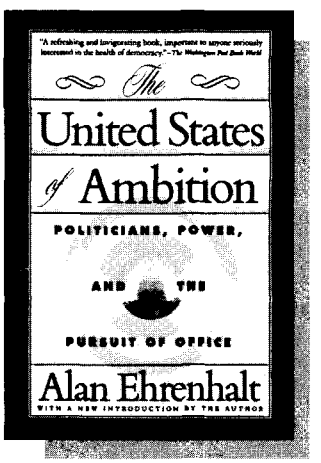

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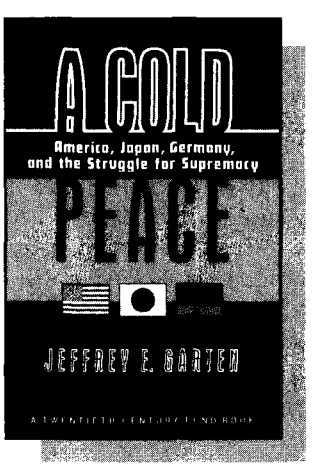

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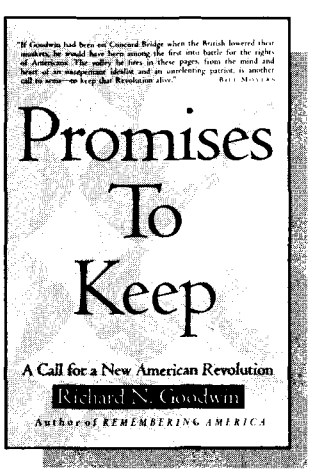

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slightly (due to my rudimentary grasp of technical Russian) when Anatoli Ivanovich tries to describe an Italian condom that has a dramatic effect on "vosbuzhdienie polovovo organa." Finally, not without some gesticulation and guessing we find an English-sounding synonym: "yerektsya."

Product number two undergoes four kinds of tests: mechanical for weight resistance, hydraulic for liquid resistance, technical for thickness and length, and electronic for general performance (which is said to be 96 percent). As a way of reaching out to the foreign market, Region-Contrast sent samples to Czechoslovakia for testing. In a tone reminiscent of a mother recounting the graduation of her son, Valentina Fiodorovna Kaptunova, the chief technician and vice director for quality gives me the results: 200 kilos per square centimeter in mechanical resistance (the world standard is a mere 155 kilos); thickness within the required norm (.05-.09 mm); length, 7.5 inches to 8.1 inches (with no possibility of going any smaller or bigger). "Changing this is beyond my control. This is the USSR state norm," declares Ivanovich. When I point out that the USSR is no more, he reflects and observes that Russia is heir to the USSR in the field of patents. He admits that he might lose some clients—there was a request from Yakutsya, the coldest region of Russia, for smaller sizes—but a norm is a norm. Some minor problems also arose with the hydraulic test. "The Czechs want it to hold two buckets of water before it breaks, but ours resist only one bucket and two cups," says Anatoli Ivanovich. "Not good enough for their boys, I guess."

The production line at Region-Contrast is forty-two yards long, and consists of 1,800 glass phalli. Nastasia Solodkina, a 19-year-old student of journalism, filmed the production cycle—washing, drying, polishing, and latex bathing of the forms—which goes on around the clock. It was broadcast last December on Russian TV, for the International Day of Struggle Against AIDS. (The soundtrack was Ravel's "Bolero.") The crucial moment in the enterprise is the technical checking. It is done in a terrace-like space, with flowers painted on the walls, and love songs booming from a loudspeaker. There are two shifts of twenty women each. With lightning speed, they sheath permanently erect metal penises. After the condoms are electronically tested, they are rolled up by gentle brushes and swept into one of two boxes: good, or bad. The good products are packed in bands of ten, like machine-gun bullet belts and sold for a ruble and a half (one cent) apiece.

Amid the grim stories about the Russian economy, Region-Contrast seems like a fairy tale. Since the first condom came off the assembly line in 1990, growth has exploded. Employment has jumped from sixty workers to 180 in the last four months. Salaries are 3,500 rubles a month ($22)—almost twice the Moscow average. Even the cleaning lady gets 3,000 rubles a month, and the guard the first year was a trained engineer whose salary was more than he could earn in his profession. Valentina Fiodorovna proudly shows me the elegant new kennel for the guard's dog. A nurse and a masseuse are on the premises, and a free hairdressing salon will open soon.

Anatoli Ivanovich has read about privatization: what shares are, what a dividend is, and how to turn a cooperative into a shareholding company, and his workers will soon become stockholders. Amid the heap of rubbers on his desk is a computer printout of employees' names and the number of years they've been with the company. Those present since the beginning will get 300 shares worth 1,000 rubles each—the equivalent of 100 months' salary. In a year and a half the factory has made a net profit of 39 million rubles. He calculates that shares will pay about 3 percent, which would give someone like Valentina Fiodorovna an income of 90,000 rubles a year.

Anatoli Ivanovich, who is now 70, modestly states that he is "new in this business." He started his career as a captain of aviation in the Red Army. "Quite a change, isn't it?" I ask. "Not really," he says. "There, I was in the defense business. Here too I'm on the front line of sorts." •

SARAJEVO POSTCARD

BESIEGED

By Charles Lane

In the midst of a recent Serb artillery barrage, Mersad Berber took shelter in the bathroom of his Sarajevo studio. Hunched and trembling, he reached for a paintbrush and began to work an oil-on-wood diptych. On the first panel a naked man slouches amid a fog of black and green; his hands are clenched, eyes closed, belly distended. On the second the man is joined by another, kneeling, his hands bound behind his back in the unmistakable pose of a hostage. Berber calls the images "Sarajevo Spring." After three months of savage street fighting and artillery bombardment, there are plenty of horrors in Sarajevo's streets: burned-out schools, dazed old men, headless corpses rotting in a stream. Yet these stark paintings are as chilling as any of them.

Last year, as Serb forces shelled the ancient Dalmatian city of Dubrovnik, Montenegrins fighting on the Serb side looted Berber's home there, carting off both his own work and his private collection of modern European art. Soon he will leave his native city for Western Europe. "We were always European," insists Berber, who is Bosnia's best-known artist. "This is a European culture; we Bosnians are Europeans." Berber, like so many of Sarajevo's essentially secular, modern Muslim population, cannot understand the failure of the West to intervene militarily on Bosnia's behalf. My introduction to him came through a young intellectual who works as an English translator for the Bosnian government. She asked if I thought the United States would send its planes

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to bomb the Serb artillery positions which ring Sarajevo. When I said no, she exploded. "Then you should go see those paintings tomorrow, because pretty soon they will all be blown up," she said, "and it will be your shame."

The West's policy is hard to explain. It brands the Serbs as military aggressors, yet limits its response to humanitarian relief, as if the people of Sarajevo were the victims of an earthquake or hurricane. Sarajevans see themselves as waging resistance. To them, the Bosnian republic, which declared its independence last April, represents a unitary state in which power would be shared more or less democratically among the republic's Muslims, Serbs, and Croats. Granted, it's a vague, possibly unworkable, idea. But it's the closest thing to a model of civic tolerance to emerge from the wreckage of the state Tito built. I didn't meet a single citizen in Sarajevo who didn't think it was worth holding out for. The Muslims, of course, have little choice because the heart of the problem is in the capital of their republic; unlike the Croats, who were bombed out of the city of Vukovar last year by the Serb nationalists and the Yugoslav National Army, they have nowhere to retreat to. Yet many ethnic Serbs have also been bearing up under the bombardment of Sarajevo, or even fighting in the Territorial Defense, alongside Muslims and Croats.

Nevertheless, Britain's Lord Carrington, representing the European Community, arrived in Sarajevo on July 3 pushing a peace plan that would divide Bosnia into autonomous ethnic "cantons." It is a thoroughly undemocratic idea, which plays into the hands of the Serb nationalist forces. They're bent on the "ethnic cleansing" of the Bosnian countryside, a euphemism for burning Muslim and Croat villages, killing some of the residents, and herding the survivors into refugee camps, or out of the former Yugoslavia altogether. Once Muslim or Croat areas have been "cleansed," the Serbs declare them part of the "Serb Republic of Bosnia and Hercegovina," an area which now encompasses about two-thirds of Bosnia's original territory. Should cantonization ever come, the Serbs figure, they will be in a position to claim the lion's share.

I stumbled across ethnic cleansing in progress near the town of Zvornik, about halfway between Belgrade and Sarajevo. Zvornik has been the scene of numerous alleged atrocities against Muslims, perpetrated by paramilitary Serb bands such as the one led by "Arkan," a former organized crime figure from Serbia. Arkan's name was daubed in black paint on the walls of burned-out homes and businesses in the town. When I arrived shortly after midday along with about eight carloads of Sarajevo-bound journalists, the Serb gunmen manning the local checkpoint were drunk, mad, and in a mood to poke us with their automatic weapons.

A friendly Serb policeman intervened, informing us that a battle was going on up ahead that made it too dangerous to continue. But, he said brightly, the "battle" would be over in forty-five minutes. As we waited, a Serb paramilitary officer, dressed in a camouflage tunic and riding breeches, drove up in a Mercedes and waved an AK-47 at me and a Spanish journalist. "If you take a single picture between here and Sarajevo," he said in precise English, "I will personally kill you." Moments later three buses went through the checkpoint. Each bus was full of Muslim men, their heads bowed and touching the seats in front of them, and their hands behind their necks. I caught a glimpse of one man's fearful eyes through the window. That, apparently, was the scene we weren't supposed to photograph. The "battle" concluded, the Serbs waved us through.

Ethnic cleansing is almost as absurd as it is repugnant. Everywhere you go in former Yugoslavia, you encounter ethnically mixed couples or their children—particularly in cities such as Sarajevo, whose long history of relative ethic tolerance was accentuated by further residential mixing in the high rises built by communism. Such people face a somber future. In Sarajevo I helped Yazo, 29, tape new plastic sheet windows on his Volkswagen. A shell had crushed its roof and shrapnel had turned its hood into Swiss cheese, but somehow the car still runs. "This is my lucky car," he tells me. It is all that's left of Yazo's fish import business, which once included nine retail outlets and a refrigerated warehouse. His home was burned to the ground by Serb incendiary shells. He is a Muslim. His girlfriend Mariana is a Croat. "Lord Carrington is wrong about cantonization," he tells me. "Because if she lives with me in a Muslim canton she'll have a hard time, and if I live with her in a Croat canton, I'll have a hard time. We should live together like we always did." I had to disappoint Yazo, too, when he asked me if the United States would come to Bosnia's rescue. "Maybe we should discover oil," he says.

Toward the end of my stay in Sarajevo, Gordana Knezevic, a Serb journalist, and her husband Ivan, a Croat philosophy professor, loaned me their son, 13-year-old Boris, as a guide to their hillside neighborhood. Boris showed me the dank basement in his apartment building where some middle-class ladies were sweating over a wood stove, cooking pasta, which has become the staple food of the besieged. They seemed abashed that I had seen them in this unseemly station. We moved on to the concrete bomb shelter where Boris had spent dozens of nights recently. He showed me the apartment of Adil Gadic, a bank worker. It had been destroyed by a shell. A solitary goldfish, still swimming in a fish tank full of precious water, was the only living thing left in the flat. Two girls from the neighborhood hovered nearby, hectoring me with the one phrase in English they seemed to have mastered: "U.S. military forces, U.S. military forces."

Boris and I crunched across broken glass to the nearby Lav Cemetery, pressed into service recently after years of disuse. There were a hundred or so fresh graves on the sloping green ground. About two-thirds were marked with the crosses of the Roman Catholic Croats and Orthodox Serbs; another third bore the elongated quadrilateral markers favored by Muslims. Boris scampered through the narrow spaces between the dead, reading off their birth dates from the crosses and quadri-

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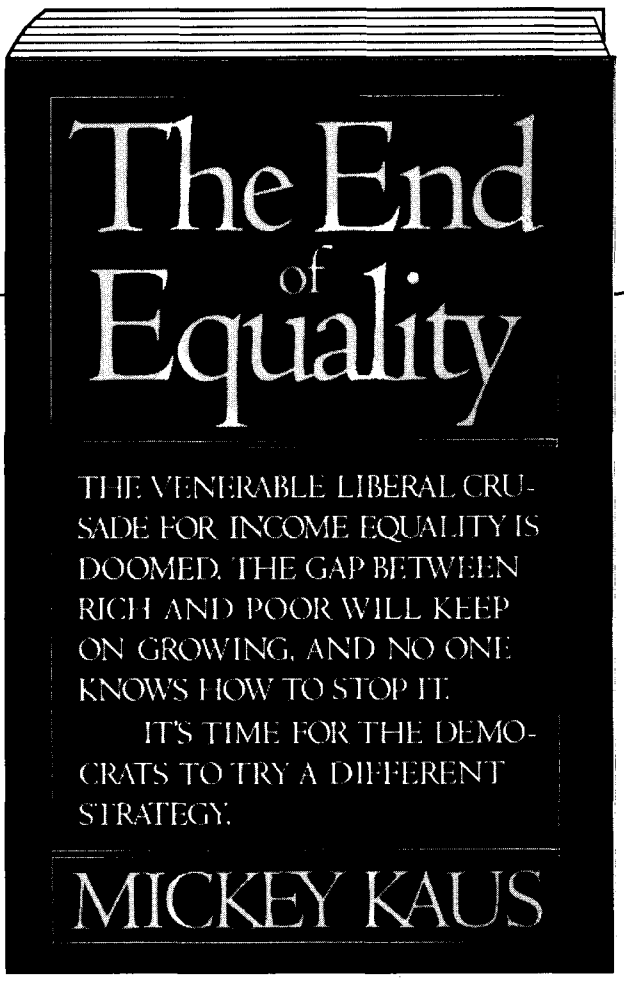
How to put life back into the Party.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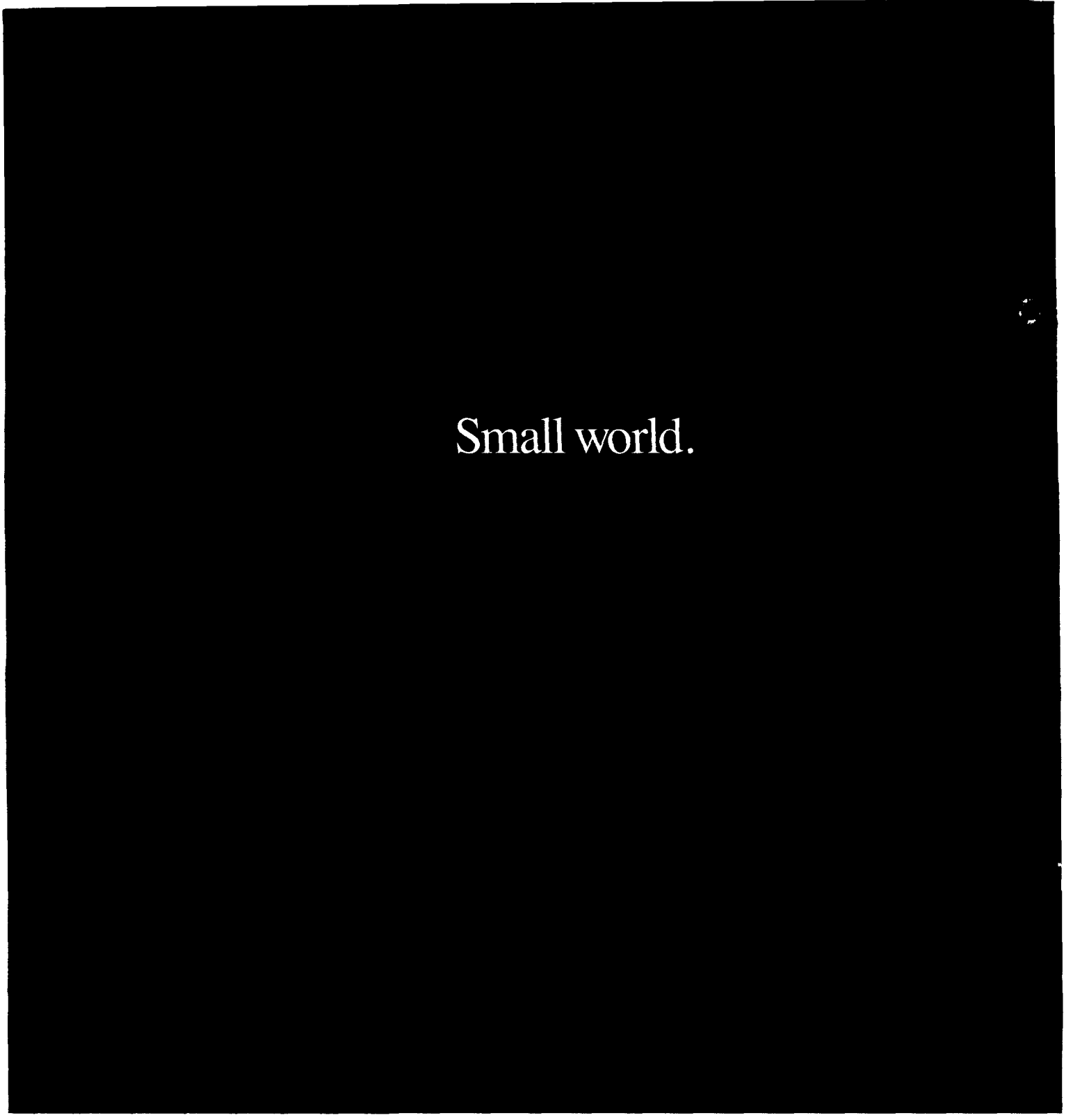

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laterals. The death dates, he reported, were all the same: 1992. I warned Boris about sniper fire, but he pressed on, calling back, "Maybe there are some people here I know."

CHARLES LANE writes about international affairs for *Newsweek*.

Do pro-life Democrats exist?

NO WOMB FOR DEBATE

By Fred Barnes

When Governor Robert Casey of Pennsylvania testified before the Democratic National Committee's platform hearings in Cleveland on May 18, he insisted that abortion on demand has become an official party position. That's "the perception and the reality," he said, and it's alienating many Democratic voters. The Platform Committee's co-chair, Representative Nancy Pelosi of California, said she'd never heard a Democrat advocate abortion on demand. OK, Casey fired back, if the party doesn't endorse abortion on demand, it should say so in the platform. But the eighteen-page document presented to the committee's final session in Washington on June 27 didn't say that. And so Maureen McCullough, one of two Casey aides on the 196-member committee, proposed the addition of this sentence: "Democrats do not support abortion on demand and believe the number of abortions should be reduced." She was booed and hissed, then cut off while defending her motion. Only five people seconded her motion (fifteen were required), and it died without being debated or voted on.

Such is the fate of efforts by pro-life Democrats: scorn followed by defeat. What's more, the party establishment now regards them as divisive and harmful to Democratic exploitation of the Republicans' anti-abortion stand. On the morning of Casey's appearance, Platform Committee members were summoned to a meeting to work out a strategy for dealing with him. Karen Chandler, a Casey aide and committee member, says she was stunned to hear Pelosi say that Casey would distort the party's position on abortion. New York Mayor David Dinkins said Casey's testimony should be kept brief. Talking points distributed to committee members advised them to point out, should anyone suggest Democrats are split on abortion, that it's Republicans who are divided on the issue. Before Casey spoke, Chandler says she was approached by a Democratic staffer who indicated that Casey's chances of addressing the convention hinged on whether he moderated his testimony in Cleveland. Casey refused.

The Democratic Party, in its platforms, has been officially pro-choice for two decades. And since 1989, when the Supreme Court's *Webster* decision allowed restrictions on a woman's right to an abortion, it has steadily made the issue a higher priority. Before 1989 the Democratic leadership in Congress didn't invoke a party position on abortion. But in January House Speaker Tom Foley said congressional Democrats will legislatively guarantee abortion rights. Meanwhile all five Democratic presidential candidates appeared together, in tuxedos, at a January banquet of the National Abortion Rights Action League.

It was seeing the candidates at the NARAL event on TV that prompted Casey to begin his crusade. He disputes the conventional wisdom that being aggressively pro-choice helps Democrats (or Republicans, for that matter). The opposite is true, he says. Sure, polls show that Americans are pro-choice by a 3-to-2 margin or better, but that's only half the story. Most pro-choicers are queasy about abortion on demand, favor some restrictions, and don't automatically vote for pro-choice candidates. In fact, pro-life voters are more likely to vote based on the single issue of abortion. Thus, the electoral edge in many states goes to the anti-abortion side. One more thing. Millions of these pro-lifers are Democrats. Casey insists the number of anti-abortion Democrats who vote Republican far exceeds the number of pro-choice Republicans who vote Democratic. He says abortion on demand drives away traditional working-class and ethnic Democrats, but doesn't attract many Republicans.

There's strong evidence for this. In 1988, in an ABC exit poll of 100,000 voters, one-third said abortion was the main issue affecting their vote. Of these, 57 percent voted for George Bush, the pro-life candidate. *Webster* hasn't made a difference. Casey cites his own re-election in 1990. His pro-choice Republican opponent, Barbara Hafer, ran ads showing the assault of a woman and noting, accurately, that Casey opposes abortion even in cases of rape. Casey won by 1 million votes, 68 percent to 32 percent, the biggest margin in Pennsylvania history. The national press largely ignored his win. "If Casey were a pro-choice Episcopalian, he'd be on the cover of *Time* magazine," said his campaign manager, James Carville. The same year Anthony Celebrezze, the Democratic candidate for governor of Ohio, flipped from pro-life to pro-choice and lost to a pro-life Republican, George Voinovich. In Kansas pro-life Democrat Joan Finney stuck to her position and beat a pro-choice Republican. And anti-abortion Republicans won the governorships of Michigan and Iowa.

Casey may be the most prominent pro-life Democrat, but he's not the only one. He has a few lonely colleagues. Roughly a quarter of the 266 House Democrats and a half-dozen Democratic governors are pro-life, but few are eager to discuss abortion, much less lead a national fight on the issue. Watching the trend of their party's elite, they've grown dispirited. Congressman John LaFalce of New York collected fifty Democratic signatures on a letter in 1989 urging party chairman Ron Brown to keep Democrats from becoming "the party of abortion." The

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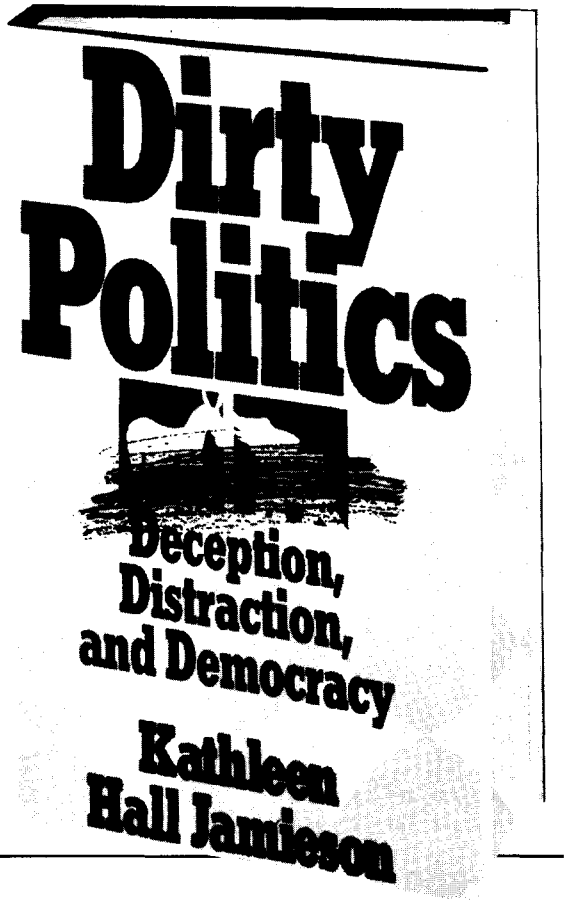

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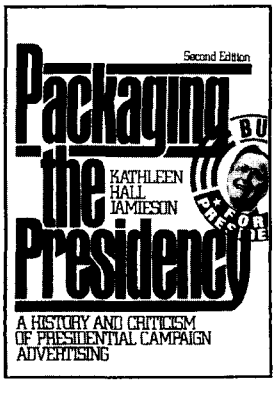
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letter produced nothing, and LaFalce figures that Casey's effort is in vain too. Casey sought signatures of House Democrats for a letter to the Platform Committee this year. He could round up only twenty-eight.

Casey's allies in Congress or statehouses are an odd mix of Roman Catholics, serious Protestants, Southern conservatives, and mavericks. Casey himself is a 60-year-old Catholic with eight children. Finney is also Catholic. In her governor's race in 1990, she was offered a ton of campaign money if she flip-flopped on abortion. She refused and won anyway. The anti-abortion views of Congressman David Bonior of Michigan were used against him in his race for House majority whip. He won, but only after promising not to oppose the leadership on abortion votes. He'd vote his conscience and do no more. Congressman Tim Penny of Minnesota says he feels "isolated" as a pro-life Democrat. LaFalce says he's sometimes treated as if he's a "neanderthal." Congressman Charles Stenholm of Texas claims that the party has no litmus test, but worries that the party's "extreme" view scares voters.

What makes Casey interesting is that he's neither a conservative nor a religious zealot. Instead, he makes both a liberal and a political case for opposing abortion. "The right to life must mean the right to a decent life," he told the Platform Committee. "We must rededicate ourselves to the things on which we all agree: comprehensive health care for mother and child, nutrition programs, family and medical leave, early intervention services for developmentally delayed children, Head Start, child care, and communities that are nurturing, safe, and drug-free." The Democratic Party "has always been the voice of the powerless and the voiceless—workers, women, minorities, the poor, the dispossessed. They have been our natural constituency." The unborn child, "the most powerless and voiceless member of the human family," should be added to the list, he said. "Until Democrats move to the middle on values issues, the defining one of which is abortion, they won't command a national majority."

National Democrats aren't buying this. They see Casey as a man with a problem, not a solution, and they've impeded him and his aides at every juncture. Before the platform hearings, Casey's staff was unable to get the names of committee members, which meant that Casey or his aides couldn't contact them. "Here I am the governor of one of the major states in the country and I couldn't get the list," he says. "And this is the party that's supposed to be tolerant, open to dissent. Now we have a litmus test: if you're pro-life, you're out."

Every pro-life Democrat I've talked to agrees on one thing: the abortion issue will benefit Bush, especially in a three-way race against two pro-choicers. "I felt the advantage was with Bush in a two-man race," says Casey. "Three-way, it cuts even more deeply" in his favor. "We've given voters no alternative except to vote Republican if they feel strongly on abortion," says Tim Penny. "The pro-choicers will be split between Clinton and Perot," says John LaFalce.

What the Democratic abortion opponents are asking for is not an abandonment of the Democrats' position in favor of a woman's right to choose. What they want is for the party merely to give up its extreme disinclination to say anything critical of abortion. Casey would like the party to say the number of abortions should be reduced and to endorse restrictions like parental consent. Short of those, he'd settle for a rejection of abortion on demand. Taking Casey's advice would put the party closer to what a majority of Americans believe. Makes sense, but there's no chance of it happening. This is one issue where the Republicans allow more open debate than the Democrats.•

How not to elect a president.

HOUSE PARTY

By Paul Gewirtz

With excitement befitting Archimedes, political analysts have been outdoing each other lately with possible scenarios if the House of Representatives has to select the next president. But for all the fevered imaginings, little is said about how the House *should* act, or whether the House's role in our system makes sense anymore. In fact, the House's role points to a basic problem with our political system today: our method of choosing the president does not provide for a direct popular selection, yet there is a strong public expectation that the president should be the people's choice.

The current rules are relatively clear. The Constitution says that if no candidate gets an electoral vote majority, the House chooses the president from among the top three finishers. Each state gets one vote, and a majority of all the states is required. The Constitution is silent on how each state's vote is to be determined, but when the House last picked the president in the 1824 election (see "Jackson's Hole," p. 40), its rules required a state delegation to decide by majority vote, with no vote to be cast if no majority was obtained.

This role for the House is no constitutional accident. Indeed, there was strong support throughout the Constitutional Convention for having Congress elect the President without *any* popular vote or electoral college. (Many of the world's democracies, in fact, currently select their chief executive by vote of either the national legislature or the majority party within it.) Under the compromise that was finally agreed upon, the Framers clearly expected that the electoral vote system would often fail to produce a national majority, and that elec-

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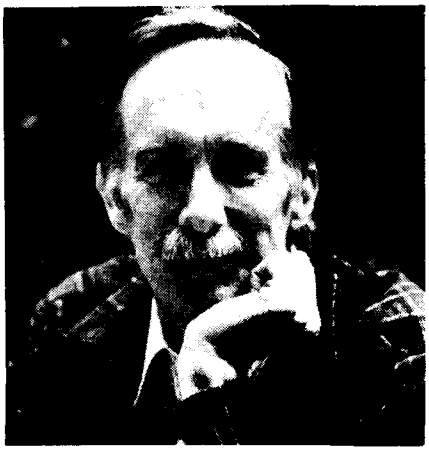

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Jackson's Hole

If the presidential election should go to the House, the only close precedent is what happened in the 1824 race, and it's a fascinating tale. There were four candidates for president, all "Republicans," since the Federalist Party had essentially disappeared: Secretary of State John Quincy Adams, Speaker of the House Henry Clay, Secretary of the Treasury William Crawford, and General Andrew Jackson. It is a cast of characters and a story with some suggestive analogues in 1992.

Adams (the Bush figure) was the aristocratic New Englander, a lifelong public servant specializing in foreign affairs, dour and old-school but with the best résumé for the job. Clay (vaguely Clintonesque) was the charming and popular Kentuckian, running on issues and full of ideas, including his "American System" of internal improvements and protective tariffs to develop the economy; if the election went to the House, he was expected to win. Crawford was the Virginia heir to the Jeffersonians, but at the time of the election was extremely ill.

Initially the least plausible candidate was Jackson, the "Western" hero of numerous military actions, whom Washington insiders thought unsuitable for the presidency because he lacked conventional pre-presidential experiences in public service; was allegedly autocratic and impulsive; had behaved high-handedly and illegally during his military triumphs (particularly in invading and seizing Florida); and was perceived as a "Military Chieftain" who would threaten republican values as president. But Jackson turned his supposed liabilities to his advantage, arguing that the Washington establishment was corrupt, and running (much as Ross Perot is) as a straightforward, tough-talking hero who could rescue the country for "the people." As his leading publicist, John Eaton, presented him, Jackson was a "private citizen, committed to no party, pledged to no system, allied to no intrigue, free of all prejudices, but coming directly from the people, and bearing with him an intimate acquaintance with their feelings, wishes, and wants...."

Jackson won a plurality of both the popular vote (42 percent) and the electoral vote (38 percent), but failed to get an electoral vote majority. Adams was second, with 32 percent of the popular and electoral vote, and Crawford and Clay were distant runners-up. The election went to the House, where Adams won a one-vote majority of states and the presidency. Although Clay was eliminated from House consideration because he had come in fourth in the electoral vote, his position as Speaker and his popularity gave him great influence over the House process. He threw his support to Adams, who subsequently appointed Clay secretary of state in what Jackson called a "corrupt bargain." An aroused Jackson launched the 1828 campaign almost immediately, and decisively beat Adams in 1828 and Clay himself in 1832.

Beyond the central fact that the election was won by the candidate who came in second in both the popular and electoral votes, several things about these House proceedings seem striking as our own political drama unfolds. First, there was extensive debate about whether House members should follow the popular vote or exercise what one Congressman called "the cool dictates of their judgment"—and in the end, House members hardly felt bound by either the district, state, or national vote. Adams won six states that he had lost in the electoral college, including states where he had come in second behind Jackson or third behind Clay and Jackson. Indeed, Clay's own Kentucky delegation refused to follow a resolution passed by the Kentucky legislature directing its House delegation to support Jackson once Clay had been eliminated; they voted for Adams even though he had apparently received no popular votes in the state.

Second, electing the second-place Adams had significant political consequences. Although most House members apparently did not pay an electoral price for disregarding Jackson's popular vote lead over Adams in their district, Adams himself clearly began as a weakened president. And even though Jackson was only the plurality leader in the 1824 popular vote, his successful 1828 campaign against Adams was effective in charging that he'd been cheated of victory in 1824. What's not clear is how effective Jackson would have been complaining simply that the House had disregarded his popular vote plurality if he hadn't also been able to point to the Adams-Clay "corrupt bargain" that benefited Clay personally.

Third, though no state delegation wound up deadlocked and unable to cast its vote, deadlocks were only narrowly avoided. The best-known story concerns Stephen Van Rensselaer, whose vote gave Adams a bare majority in the New York delegation and his one-vote House victory. After intensive lobbying from all sides, he claimed that he voted for Adams because, while his head was bowed in a prayer just prior to voting, he saw a ballot with Adams's name lying on the floor and believed that God had spoken.

Finally, though the candidates' merits were seriously compared prior to the House vote, talk of deals was also very much in the air. For example, Missouri's lone congressman received quiet assurances that his brother could retain his non-tenured territorial judgeship, even though he had killed a judicial colleague in a duel. Old Federalists wanted assurances that they wouldn't be excluded from the administration. Most famously, historians have long debated whether there was in fact a "corrupt bargain" to make Henry Clay the secretary of state. Clay seems to have genuinely preferred Adams as the best in a weak field, and that preference makes sense on the merits given their outlooks. But Adams certainly knew what Clay hoped for, although there is no direct evidence of an explicit quid pro quo.

For all the fuss over Clay becoming secretary of state (and it was a fuss that shaped American politics for a generation), it's hard to see what would be "corrupt" if there *was* an explicit understanding—or if similar bargains are made in future House elections. Political coalitions are established all the time in democracies, and a coalition typically shares power in an explicitly arranged way. A coalition "bargain" can permit House members and candidates to break a political stalemate and create an effective government. Clay was as qualified as anyone in the country to become secretary of state. Jackson's complaint seems even less valid since Adams and Clay, together, had secured more popular and electoral votes than he had.

Still, the corruption charge stuck, and Jackson got his ultimate revenge. As we contemplate what might happen in the House this time, the 1824 election sounds a warning: House elections put political leaders in an extremely complex position, the right course is hard to define, and the people can easily conclude that they've been betrayed.

PAUL GEWIRTZ

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tions would often end up going to the House.

But tension between this original design and our contemporary culture may soon be coming to a head, leading to a variety of as yet unresolved problems. Take the all-important question of how members should vote if the election goes to the House—an issue that is now very real, since the entire House is up for election this fall and House candidates are increasingly being pressed for their position. For the Framers, the point of having the House make the presidential selection if no candidate received an electoral vote majority was to secure House members' *deliberation and judgment* about what would be best for the country—as Alexander Hamilton put it in *Federalist* No. 68, to have them select "the man who in their opinion may be best qualified for the office." House members were not expected to vote like machines mechanically registering the popular vote numbers.

Today, however, numerous House candidates have already announced that they'll simply follow the preference of their district constituents in the popular vote on Election Day. These candidates undoubtedly believe that whatever the Framers' expectations may have been, the public today expects that *its* preference, not the independent preference of its representatives, should determine who becomes president.

Unfortunately, in a three-way race where the prevailing candidate gets only a plurality, not a majority, there is no easy way to say what the people's preference is. You don't have to be a social choice theorist to see what's wrong with saying that the plurality winner is the person the people prefer. The plurality winner isn't necessarily the person who would win a runoff between the top two. Indeed, the person who came in third might defeat either of the other two in a one-on-one contest. In addition, the Election Day vote doesn't say what the people would prefer by the time the House votes or in the altogether different context of a House vote. For example, once the votes in other states are known and the chances of various candidates in the House become apparent, a voter's preference may change to avoid throwing his vote away on a candidate who now has no chance.

Furthermore, a commitment to following the people's preferences doesn't tell a House member whether to look to the people of the district, state, or nation. The outcome of the House vote may be very different depending on which popular vote a House member follows. If House members follow their own district constituents (the most tempting step, since it seems to provide the most political protection), there is no guarantee that the national popular vote leader will win. Indeed, district-based voting would give the state's one House vote to a candidate who won a majority of the state's districts by a narrow margin yet was swamped in other districts and thus actually *lost* the state popular vote. Even more importantly, deferring to each district's preference may end up replicating the deadlock that has already occurred in the electoral voting. So at some point—after the first ballot, if not before—House members may have to move beyond their constituents' preferences if a selection is to be made.

In short, for a congressman truly committed to voting the "people's preference," there simply is no "right" path in a closely contested three-way race. Given this, it is reasonable for House members to adhere to the Framers' expectations and try to choose the person "who in their opinion may be best qualified for the office."

Although some members have started to talk about voting their conscience, most "consciences" will suggest that "the best" candidate is the one from their own political party. But a party vote is not necessarily just self-interest masquerading as the public interest. Party members do share a general conception of what's best for the country. At a time when so many have pointed to the costs of divided government, there is much to be said for the president and Congress coming from the same party, sharing a basic approach to the issues, and being capable of enacting a program together.

Still, party can't be the only factor. A House member may conclude that his party's nominee isn't the best candidate. Voting for another party's candidate as part of a coalition may be necessary to avoid a House deadlock. (If coalition-building is necessary to resolve a deadlock, far better to have it done by experienced, visible, and accountable members of Congress than by the anonymous figures in the "electoral college," as some have suggested.) And though the popular vote may often be opaque, it can't be ignored when it speaks clearly.

Thus, if Bill Clinton comes in a distant third choice for president, garnering only 20 percent of the popular vote, it's hard to see how even a Democratic-controlled House could fairly conclude that he'd make the best president. Being an effective president requires more legitimacy, more popular confidence and support. Similarly, if George Bush were to get a decisive popular vote majority nationwide, but not get an electoral vote majority, it would be difficult to deny him victory in the House. This illustrates why it's wrong to make too sharp a distinction, as some political theorists do, between disinterested deliberation about the public interest and taking account of the popular will; popular attitudes and views about the public interest help to shape each other and can be ingredients of a single decision. As James Madison himself put it, the role of House members in selecting the president requires *both* "attention to the views of their respective Constituents and their regard for the public good."

But even then, basic problems with the House's role remain. The Constitution's one-state, one-vote rule is indefensible today. It means that members from small states representing a tiny minority of the country could in theory control the outcome, electing a candidate who gained only a small minority of the national popular vote. It gives the 453,588 people of Wyoming the same weight in the process as the 29,760,021 people of California. Equalizing the power of the small states and large states in the House vote was a deliberate part of the constitutional plan, one of many institutional

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arrangements balancing power between them. But in this context, the one-state, one-vote rule just takes us too far away from the principle of equality of individual voting power and popular sovereignty. (It's also a recipe for deadlock, since it requires a state's multi-member House delegation to resolve into a single vote.) At a minimum, the Constitution should be amended to provide that in cases of no electoral college majority, the president should be elected by a majority of the individual votes of all House members, or by a majority of the individual votes of all House and Senate members meeting in joint session. (The latter proposal gives a bit more relative power to the smaller states.) Madison himself proposed this late in his life.

But none of this addresses the most fundamental problem with the House's role, a problem that calls into question the entire process we have for selecting the president: a House vote is inconsistent with the public's expectations. The Constitution gives a decisive role in electing the president to representatives, not to the people themselves—first, electors chosen state by state, and then the House if there is no electoral vote majority. But the populace, I am quite sure, generally thinks that the person who wins the national popular vote should be president. If they know about electoral votes at all, they assume that those votes will reproduce the national popular vote; and should the electoral vote give a majority to a candidate who didn't prevail in the popular vote (which can easily happen), there would be a profound sense that something had gone terribly wrong.

Similarly, although a House election is clearly in accord with the Framers' expectations, it too is at odds with current popular expectations—both because it's clear that the people won't be choosing, and because a popular vote loser could easily win. It is for this reason that members are tempted to tell their constituents, simplistically, that they'll follow the popular vote, and to avoid claiming (or seeking a mandate for) the independent deliberative role that the Framers expected and that seems essential if the system is to work.

The solution is either to educate the public to accept the system that we have, or to change the system to make it conform to existing expectations about a popular choice. (If we moved to direct popular election, of course, we'd still have to decide what to do if no candidate gets a majority; possibilities include a runoff, declaring the plurality leader the winner under some circumstances, or even some end-game role for Congress.) I am not certain whether direct popular election of the president would be the best system. But I am quite certain that we shouldn't continue to have a system other than a direct popular vote if its mass acceptability turns totally on whether it yields *the same result as* the national popular vote. We are just asking for a crisis.

PAUL GEWIRTZ is Potter Stewart Professor of Constitutional Law at Yale Law School.

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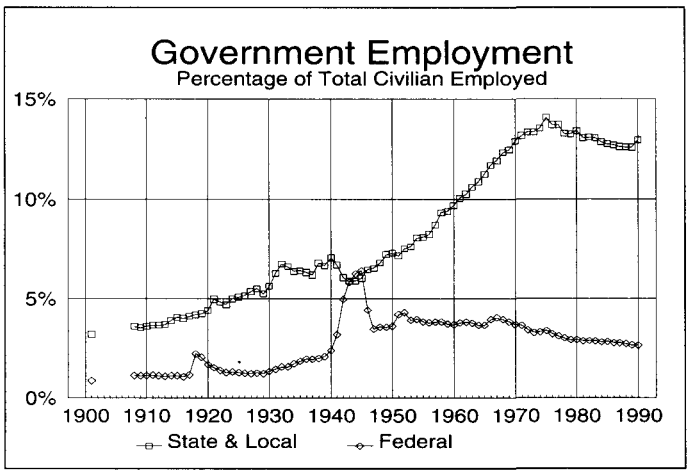

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The Perotist tradition.

Roots

By Alan Brinkley

Even if enthusiasm for Ross Perot ultimately collapses—as both Republicans and Democrats optimistically assume it will—the astonishing popular response to his candidacy will remain the most important political fact of 1992. For though Perot himself may not survive the scrutiny he is now getting, the grievances he has tapped, the hopes he has aroused, and the tensions his candidacy reflects will endure. The most compelling question that Perot's sudden popularity raises is not what drives Perot himself, but what drives the millions who, for now at least, support him. There are already dozens of theories floating about to explain the "Perot phenomenon," many persuasive. But no single one can account for the striking eclecticism of this movement. The Perot campaign marks the unlikely, and probably temporary, coalescence of several quite different political languages and impulses—most of them deeply rooted in American experience. He derives much of his strength less from the newness than from the familiarity of his message.

Producerism. One of the principal impulses Perot has tapped has roots in, among other things, the original populist movement. The farmers who rallied to the People's Party in the 1890s emphatically believed that they (and the bulk of the American people) were producers—as opposed to the small, privileged group of nonproducing "parasites" who oppressed them. Their task was to save the nation for the "producing people of America," to ensure that honesty and hard work, not privilege, speculation, or manipulation, were the routes to success in the United States.

Through most of the twentieth century, producerism has lived fitfully and feebly in the shadow of consumerism. The redefinition of the American people as "consumers" was well advanced even before the advertising industry and the modern media transformed American culture in the 1920s. By the 1940s the emphasis on consumerism had transformed public policy as well. The producer ethic of the nineteenth century has survived in the twentieth less as a description of life as it is lived than as a critique of modern culture and politics. It was visible early in the century in the writings of Thorstein Veblen, for example, and his scathing denunciation of the "leisure class." It was visible in the ideology of parts of the labor movement until at least World War II. It has revived in recent years in the criticism of the consumer culture for putting more emphasis on personal fulfillment than constructive action, and in the criticism of the modern economy for favoring spending and consumption over savings and investment. Bill Clinton has tried (somewhat feebly) to make investment and personal responsibility themes of his campaign. But so far at least, he has been outdone in this, as in much else, by Ross Perot.

Perot clearly views himself as a producer, and he judges other people—politicians, business leaders, the American people—by his own rigorous standards. The people are the "owners of the country," which to Perot means less that they are entitled to its goods and services than that they have a responsibility to go to work solving its problems. Like Veblen, Perot speaks with withering contempt of what he considers the modern "leisure class"—the self-satisfied financiers who squander money and energy on leveraged buyouts, the myopic managers of large corporations such as General Motors (the site of one of his bitterest experiences), the self-perpetuating elites of the political world more interested in preserving their own privileges than in doing what needs to be done. Perot has the grim, humorless personality of a man impatient with self-indulgence and self-absorption. His crusade will succeed, he claims to believe, only if the American people put aside their sniveling, shove aside the parasites, and get to work.

Populism. Perot is an implausible populist—real wisdom, he seems to believe, lies not in the people but in himself—but there is an important populist element to the Perot campaign nevertheless. It is the passion that millions of voters seem to have found in becoming part of a popular movement. Unlike the major party candidates, whose media-driven campaigns leave almost no room for citizen involvement, Perot has actually given his followers something to do. They are collecting signatures on petitions, organizing campaign committees, passing out buttons and bumper stickers. They are experiencing a small dose of the sense of empowerment that made the civil rights and anti-war movements, the New Left, and the right-to-life crusade so alluring. Perot has given his supporters the chance to feel that they are controlling the process and not being controlled by it.

"It's the most rewarding thing I've ever done in my life," a North Carolina man told *New York* magazine last month, "parking our camper out at the mall, signing up people. It's amazing." Perot's campaign has shown, if nothing else, that despite decades of declining voter turnout, yearning for political empowerment is still strong. For many, Perot's position on issues (or his unwillingness to take positions on them) is beside the point. He has given them something they consider more important: a chance to feel democracy at work.

Technocracy. Perot appeals to others, however, for very different reasons. A recurrent theme of modern intellectual and political life is the yearning for a rational, systematic solution to the disorder of an advanced industrial society; the belief that by mobilizing trained experts, the economy and the political process can be rescued from the chaos of politics and made to function efficiently. Veblen was the intellectual godfather of these

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dreams, Herbert Hoover—the "Great Engineer"—the politician who most clearly exemplified them. The short-lived Technocracy movement of the 1930s (which was associated at times with, among others, Upton Sinclair and Huey Long) tried unsuccessfully to turn such ideas into the basis for mass politics. Although linked at times to populist rhetoric, the technocratic impulse is at heart an elitist, even an anti-democratic, one.

Perot is neither an engineer nor, in any conventional sense, an "expert." Even as a corporate executive, he is hardly a man committed to "system." But there is in his public image, and in at least some of the popular response to it, an unmistakable echo of the technocratic impulse. If Perot's supporters know little else about him, they do know that he has been a skillful and successful "manager." Perot himself misses few opportunities to suggest that, given the chance, he will bring to government the same smooth efficiency he claims he brought to his own corporation.

The romantic faith in science and technology—so much a part of American life from the late nineteenth century until at least the 1960s—has faded in the last twenty years. But the response to Perot suggests that many Americans are still capable of being seduced by the notion that there are simple, rational, technocratic solutions to the nation's bewilderingly complex problems.

Autocracy. In Italy, where I spent six weeks lecturing in May and June, almost everyone who knows anything about Perot considers him a fascist. He has, of course, evoked similar reactions in America (see "The Present Danger," TNR, June 29, 1992). The charge is in many respects unfair. There is nothing in Perot's own life reminiscent of the xenophobia, racism, and supranationalism of the fascist regimes of the 1930s. There is little to suggest (despite Perot's fondness for the armed forces and covert action) that he would militarize American life or pursue martial glory. He was, after all, strongly opposed to the Gulf war.

But in one respect, at least, Perot does have something important in common with the Italian and German fascists of the 1930s: impatience with democracy. His campaign rests on an implicit promise to sweep aside pesky constitutional obstacles and "get things done." If some like Perot because he promises to empower them, others like him because he promises to empower himself. That doesn't make him Mussolini. But it does evoke the popular desire for autocracy that has been a more powerful impulse in American politics than most of us would like to admit.

Many figures in American history have attracted public support, even idolatry, because they treated the constraints of the political system with contempt, among them Andrew Jackson, Theodore Roosevelt, and Ronald Reagan, all of whom profited from their image as tough, independent leaders willing to stand up to Congress or the courts when necessary. But Perot hints broadly at an even bolder new order, in which Congress, the courts, the media, and the "establishment" are essentially stripped of their legitimacy; in which the president, checked only by direct expressions of popular desire, will roll up his sleeves and solve the nation's problems through methods the people are better off not knowing because "they won't be pretty." Perot may not be a fascist (if that much-abused word retains any meaning); but his current popularity is an ominous sign of the fragility of popular faith in representative democracy.

Realignment. More than anything else, however, Perot's political strength is a reflection of changes in our politics much larger than anything he himself has created or can hope to control. America in the 1990s appears to be in the midst of a major political realignment, and Perot may simply be a vehicle through which some voters pass from one political stance to another. A realignment occurs when the two-party system is no longer able to contain the demands and grievances of the electorate, when old allegiances snap and new ones are formed. A realignment can create an entirely new political party (as happened in the 1850s, when the Whig Party died and the Republican Party was born). Or it can simply redefine the constituencies of the existing parties (as occurred in 1890s, the 1930s, and to some degree the 1960s). In the 1990s, too, the bonds that tie the electorate to the parties seem to have snapped. The public's exasperation may be unfair; it is, after all, the voters as much as the politicians who have produced a generation of divided government and demanded the impossible combination of low taxes, high services, and no deficit. But the parties have not helped themselves with the vapid, cynical performances of their leaders and their shared eagerness to wallow in PAC money and special interests. Both the anger and apathy of the voters reflect the belief that there is no longer any real difference between the parties, that both are corrupt, self-serving, and irrelevant.

Such sentiments may be generating a fundamental realignment, and Perot offers a way station for political travelers who have left their partisan homes but don't yet know where they are going. Like the Know Nothings of the 1850s, like the People's Party of the 1890s, Perot's movement is likely to produce its most enduring legacy not through its own political successes but through the way it facilitates the passage to a new political order.

Conventional politicians who dismiss the Perot phenomenon as a response to the unpopularity of Bush and Clinton, or to the passing anger of an electorate frustrated by recession, or to the magnetism (and money) of Perot himself miss much of the point. Perot is not just a product of a moment of rage. He is part of a process by which the major parties and even the institutions of government may finally be forced to confront their growing irrelevance to the concerns of many, if not most, American voters. If they fail to do so, Ross Perot will not be the last—and perhaps not even the most ominous—intruder into the smug, closed world of national politics.

ALAN BRINKLEY teaches American history at Columbia University.

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BOOKS & The Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on Films

The Odd Couple

Is there an angel of cinema Up Above? He/she works only part-time, I'd guess, but that angel must exist. How else explain the marvelous juxtaposition this week? Two fantasies appear side by side—one realistic, one grotesque; one small-scale, one huge; both (as fantasies must be) the reifications of longings and fears in ourselves that we may or may not be aware of. How could this pairing have been accidental?

The small-scale one is **The Hairdresser's Husband** (Triton), and let's state up front, as film folk say, that it's pretty largely a sexual-gratification fantasy for males. Women have said that they find it erotic, but they've also said they know that, in a way, they are gender-slumming.

This French film was directed by Pierre Leconte, who made *Monsieur Hire*, and was written by him and Claude Klotz. A 12-year-old boy's erotic imaginings are stimulated by a bosomy, sexy-smelling woman barber whom he visits every week. He determines that some day he will marry a woman barber. (Not a hairdresser, as the title says, but a woman who barbers only men.) "Some day" turns out to be middle age. By the time he meets her, he is played by Jean Rochefort (born 1930). She is in her 20s, Anna Galiena.

Much of the fantasy is in the very way they meet and marry. Rochefort has lived in this seaside town all his life, yet has never been in this shop before. He proposes marriage suddenly while he is in Galiena's chair for the first time. She says nothing. When he returns for another cut a few weeks later, she accepts him. Believe all that and you're ready for what follows.

We never learn what Rochefort did for a living, but he obviously doesn't do it anymore. He sits in the small shop, watching his wife barber customers. She is quite content with this arrangement because she is mad about him and because she wants as much of his adoration, physical or not, as she can get. Privacy is not always needed: he fondles her intimately when a customer has his eyes shut for a shampoo.

That little barber shop becomes a steaming pit of sensuality, its escape hatch the small apartment directly above. Leconte emphasizes the steaminess by filming the shop, where most of the story takes place, in wide-screen. The large expanse for the narrow space intensifies the heat. Sustaining the swoon level is Michael Nyman's score, which floats underneath like later-day Debussy, interrupted only by the Arab phonograph records to which Rochefort likes to dance.

Rochefort is one of those rare actors who are past question. Whatever else may be true of him in a role, we're going to believe him. Credibility is where he starts; so, in this film, he never seems too old for his behavior. Galiena knows how to simmer quietly, and also, in her fears that he may cease to care for her, she knows how to be touching.

The story ends with death, which echoes an earlier death in the film. Death has kept sexual happiness from dwindling in films by Oshima and Almodóvar, among others. For Leconte, that death is made tristfully complimentary to the male. Add, too, that the 12-year-old's yearnings are reprised throughout the story, and *The Hairdresser's Husband* becomes the completion of a juvenile dream, which finishes without further obligations for the man.

Vis-à-vis reality, the reality of life and of love—love as something more than (not other than) sexual bliss—Leconte's film is silly. But as a dramatized daydream, it seduces.

Next to it put another dramatized daydream, **Batman Returns** (Warner Bros.). Adolescent fantasies of superhuman power, of transformations, of modest world-shaking heroism, even of penetrating animals' secrets—all the commonplaces of comic books again get here a billion-dollar massage.

Women viewers didn't seem perceptibly slighted by the 1989 *Batman*; still, gender ecumenism has arrived. No. 2 has a woman wonder-worker alongside the hero. Michelle Pfeiffer plays a nerd of a secretary (assistant, she insists) who decides to revenge herself on her would-be murderer, and on other vermin, by becoming Catwoman. How this nerd becomes an athletic heroine who would make Olympic gymnasts gape and where she gets her paraphernalia are only two of the questions that this picture was created *not* to answer.

Like its predecessor, this isn't a film, it's a display—of action episodes and, chiefly, of production design. The plot doesn't matter, which is a good thing because it's murky. Batman is the bland Bruce Wayne, played by the bland Michael Keaton; and he is joined, to his surprise,

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Howards End. *Admirers of excellent acting, of enriching décor, of E.M. Forster will find delights in it. (Reviewed 3/23/92)* **Monster in a Box.** *A highly amusing, intelligent one-man show, derived by Spalding Gray from his theater piece. The "monster" is a novel he was writing that he carried in a box on his wild adventures. (7/6/92)* **November Days.** *Marcel Ophuls's acute documentary about East and West Germany right after the fall of the Berlin Wall. Part of the Human Rights Watch Festival, it deserves wider release. (6/1/92)* **Pepi, Luci, Bom.** *Outrageous seamy-side life of Madrid in Pedro Almodóvar's first film. Beyond the shock barrier but witty. (6/29/92)* **—SK**

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by Catwoman. Quasi-sympathetic is a man-bird called Penguin, played by Danny DeVito in a mask and padding. The chief heavy is Christopher Walken, notable here for only two reasons. He has reached the point in his career where he can have a grown son; and his character's name is Max Shreck. Not only does Shreck—spelled Schreck—mean fright or terror in German, but someone has been looking into film history: in Murnau's *Nosferatu* (1922), the title role, a vampire, was played by an actor named Max Schreck.

The first *Batman* was designed by Anton Furst in a manner reminiscent of Lang's *Metropolis* (1926). Furst had started work on the second *Batman* when he committed suicide. Tim Burton, who directed both films, then engaged Bo Welch, who had designed *Edward Scissorhands* and *Beetlejuice* for him, and instructed Welch to discard Furst's sketches. On its own, Welch's work is less impressive. The new picture seems a collection of bizarre sets rather than a whole weird city in the toils of a miasma.

But Welch's city shares one characteristic with Furst's: it stands indoors. There is no sky. We're meant to see, or feel, that all the exteriors were shot in a studio. This is important because it makes the film seem to be happening on an immense game board, in which the shootings and explosions and fires are moves in an outsize tourney.

The result is only partially grim. Mostly it's as if high school kids had made a film—talented, financed by big banks rather than piggy banks, but nonetheless kids. Some of the most successful films of our time were made that way—by George Lucas, Steven Spielberg, and Burton, who were faithful to the adolescence in themselves and touched similar, possibly dormant areas in many millions of people around the globe.

Anyway, that cinema angel, who obviously has a sense of humor, enjoyed bringing these two fantasies along in the same week. •

Voice of America

BY JOHN HOLLANDER

Spoon River Anthology: An Annotated Edition by Edgar Lee Masters edited by John E. Hallwas

(University of Illinois Press, 436 pp., $29.95)

Spoon River Anthology is one of those remarkable, seemingly sui generis American books, like William Carlos Williams's *Spring and All*, or John Dos Passos's *U.S.A.*, which seem to mark milestones in the long, strange course of our country's effort to understand itself. It creates a fictional community through the short dramatic monologues spoken by its deceased inhabitants, rather than by overt description. The town is more like Edwin Arlington Robinson's Tilbury Town, and certainly more like Sherwood Anderson's Winesburg, Ohio, than like Sinclair Lewis's Gopher Prairie (in *Main Street*) or Thornton Wilder's *Our Town* or, of course, Faulkner's Jefferson in his Yoknapatawpha County. Its author was a Chicago lawyer, a political progressive, a literary figure (in the circle of Theodore Dreiser, Vachel Lindsay, and Carl Sandburg), a womanizer, and quite an uninspired poet, who in this unique format and under unique imaginative pressures excelled himself by producing a masterpiece.

The volume appeared for the first time in 1915, and in the expanded form in which we now know it, with thirty-five added epitaphs, in the following year. It was an immediate success, praised extravagantly and also condemned for its skeptical energy, its erotic specificity, its reforming naysaying coupled with romantic transcendent yearnings, its unfamiliar structure and mode of verse. It went through seventy editions in many languages, and remained a canonical work that was widely and heavily anthologized. Over the years since World War II, however, it seemed to wear less well, possibly because it was most widely known through snippets, separate portraits that appeared in anthologies that would not allow any of the book's structures to emerge. Masters's epitaphs have far less power as individual "poems" than they do in their context. But a fresh look at the whole volume today—at a time when the sexual and political issues

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raised in it are totally tame, and a vernacular *verse libre* has replaced rhymed jingle as the mode in which "everybody" writes—reveals a durable, fascinating, and moving book.

A massively annotated edition of *Spoon River Anthology*, prepared by John E. Hallwas, has just appeared. It provides a wealth of information that frames specific historical, biographical, and autobiographical background for names, persons, places, and situations alluded to and invoked by the epitaphs in the *Anthology*. Hallwas brings to bear on the text and its history a detailed overview of previous scholarship, and a knowledge of Illinois history in particular, that will be invaluable for anyone not only writing on Masters, but working in American studies generally. He is also authoritatively knowledgeable about the critical reception of the book and its history.

An "anthology," in its literal Greek sense, is a garland or bouquet of flowers. The term was applied originally to a collection of epigrams compiled, on the basis of many earlier ones, in the tenth century A.D. (the so-called *Palatine Anthology*). It subsequently became used for collections of verse by various authors (though in Elizabethan England they were called "miscellanies") and, significantly, in the title of *An American Anthology*, the massive collection of American poetry edited by Edmund Clarence Stedman in 1900. But it is the little poems of the so-called *Greek Anthology* that Masters had most directly in mind, and particularly the sepulchral epigrams of Book VII. These are actual or (more usually) fictional epitaphs, sometimes of only one couplet, sometimes of greater length. Among them are the famous words of Simonides, quoted by Herodotus, for the Spartans killed at the battle of Thermopylae, as they might be put in the standard English epigrammatic meter:

> Tell them in Sparta, you who now pass by
> That here obedient to their laws we lie.

Verse epitaphs like this one typically speak for the deceased, asking the passer-by to (in the words of the old railway crossings) stop, look, listen; to contemplate for a moment something of the life of the deceased as the occasion for a general memento mori, a reminder of death. Alternatively, it is the monument or the grave-marker personified that does the speaking. The dead on The Hill in Spoon River speak variously: directly, like the forsaken Mary McNeely ("Passer by, / To love is to find your own soul / Through the soul of the beloved one ..."), or to the reader figuratively; or to the citizens of the town (as if Simonides had written "O Spartans..."); or to one another. Their rhetorical modes are various. Their verbal actions include confession, plea, naive and devious expression, ironic narrative, wide-reaching parable. In the pairings and sometimes larger sequential groupings of the speaking graves, the reader frequently comes upon a narrative constructed by the correcting view of the subsequent speaker. And from the totality of these verses there emerges the nature of the town itself, and the way in which it is made to function as a representation of American life, rural and urban.

EDGAR LEE MASTERS BY JACK COUGHLIN FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

The individual epitaphs were originally published in separate "garlands." The first one appeared in *Reedy's Mirror*, a St. Louis periodical, on May 29, 1914. It consisted of the framing poem "The Hill"—a traditional exercise in the medieval *ubi sunt?* (or where-are-they-now?) formula, best known in the later nineteenth century through Rossetti's translation of Villon's ballade with the refrain "And where are the snows of yester-year?" Following it, and under a slightly different name, was the epitaph of Hod Putt, with which the complete anthology commences:

> Here I lie close to the grave
> Of Old Bill Piersol,
> Who grew rich trading with the Indians, and who
> Afterwards took the bankrupt law
> And emerged from it richer than ever.
> Myself grown tired of toil and poverty
> And beholding how Old Bill and others grew in wealth,
> Robbed a traveler one night near Proctor's Grove,
> Killing him unwittingly while doing so,
> For the which I was tried and hanged.
> That was my way of going into bankruptcy.
> Now we who took the bankrupt law in our respective ways
> Sleep peacefully side by side.

(One notes the resonantly biting repetition of the phrase "the bankrupt law" to mean not just the federal Bankruptcy Act of 1898, but also the institution of The Law itself, having exhausted all its store of Justice.)

Also in this first garland were the epitaphs of the embittered wife Ollie McGee (though the soliloquy of her husband, Fletcher, who emerges as a spiritually parasitic monster in her monologue, tells his own reciprocal story when placed next to hers in the *Anthology*); The Unknown, a Wordsworthian boy continually expiating a gratuitous act; Cassius Hueffer, shuddering under a blandly falsifying inscription; and the ironically paired revelations of two women, Serepta Mason and Amanda Barker, each protesting against inscribed misreadings of their lives.

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Serepta Mason:

My life's blossom might have bloomed on all sides
Save for a bitter wind which stunted my petals
On the side of me which you in the village could see.
From the dust I lift a voice of protest:
My flowering side you never saw!
Ye living ones, ye are fools indeed
Who do not know the ways of the wind
And the unseen forces
That govern the processes of life.

Amanda Barker:

Henry got me with child,
Not knowing that I could not bring forth life
Without losing my own.
In my youth therefore I entered the portals of dust.
Traveler, it is believed in the village where I lived
That Henry loved me with a husband's love,
But I proclaim from the dust
That he slew me to gratify his hatred.

Even in this small group, we can note the emergence of a pattern that would recur throughout the completed book: not only do these portraits of Serepta Mason and Amanda Barker form a kind of loosely related diptych, but also, with the further addition of the analogously misconstrued Constance Hately in 1916, a grim triptych. It is the rhythm of these sequences, and of individual portraits variously isolated from or connected with others appearing earlier or later on, that manifests the book's unfolding structure.

The way in which the reader gathers information about individual people, particular families, and the economic, political, and social structure of the town, the way in which he learns the other side of an apparently authoritatively stated story or discovers that an apparently finished matter was really a loose end, forms the basic fabric of Masters's book. The opening diptych of Ollie and Fletcher McGee warns us that our responses to the personages talking from beyond the grave must school themselves in ironic wisdom. The four panels of the Pantier family and their son's schoolteacher Emily Sparks look ahead to the stories of Dora Williams and her mother, the milliner. ("The milliner's daughter made me trouble," says Reuben Pantier, "And out I went into the world," an episode that she refers to, in her own epitaph later on, as "When Reuben Pantier ran away and threw me / I went to Springfield...." And from there, as we learn, to a world higher than the Pantiers'.)

Sometimes the diptychs frame an ironic contrast, such as those of the amoral newspaperman Editor Whedon and Carl Hamblin, his devout progressive neighbor on The Hill and in these pages. Sometimes a sequence of several pairings develops an emphatic momentary narrative rhythm: thus the paired graves of Else Wertman and Hamilton Greene, who boasts about his ancestry, not knowing that Else, the peasant girl from Germany, is really his mother, followed by the paired philosophical meditation and violently unphilosophical story of Ernest Hyde and Roger Heston, followed in turn by the Sibleys, the eternally cuckolded preacher and his gnomic, chthonic wife, whose secret lies "Under a mound that you shall never find"—perhaps an illegitimate child secretly buried somewhere, perhaps her own secret sexuality, an emblematic mons veneris.

But other, less formal patternings arise as well: the different modes of parable propounded, for example, by Samuel Gardner and Dow Kritt, Brownigesque and Blakeian respectively. For underlying all of the patterns of relation among the individual portraits is the tangle of lines of power emanating from the banker Rhodes and his judicial, clerical, and journalistic deputies. It is this structure, together with all the relations outlined above, some thematic, some narra-

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tive, some rhetorical, that holds the book, and the fiction of the town, together.

There are even subtler juxtapositions, of a purely poetic rather than a narrative sort. The epitaph of the boy called simply "The Unknown" (pointedly not an Unknown Soldier), whose Ancient Marineresque killing of a hawk strangely anticipates a major poem of Robert Penn Warren's, ends with the dead boy recounting how

> Daily I search the realms of Hades
> For the soul of the hawk,
> That I may offer him the friendship
> Of one whom life wounded and caged.

His short story is juxtaposed with the shortest of all the epitaphs, that of Alexander Throckmorton, who is hardly a presence at all, but a mere voice for framing one of the oldest of paradoxes:

> In youth my wings were strong and tireless,
> But I did not know the mountains.
> In age I knew the mountains
> But my weary wings could not follow my vision—
> Genius is wisdom and youth.

Far more poignant than the contrast between these different senses of lost youth is the way in which the trope of the hawk, used parabolically by Throckmorton, seems to have flown in from the preceding poem. Such nuances are seemingly far from the agenda of the book's sardonic iconoclasm, for which symbols are usually degraded public images whose ideological function it is the task of realist vision to expose. Throckmorton's hawk is a rare instance of a powerfully puzzling metaphor.

Among Masters's citizens are all manner of men and women, practitioners of many trades and crafts, village atheists, philosophers and layabouts, many lawyers and several writers, including sad bad poets like Petit and funny bad ones like Jonathan Swift Somers. (The latter's broadly Miltonic parody, *The Spooniad*, appears at the end of the volume, just before the unfortunate "Epilogue" added in 1916, with its rhymed verse and weak echoes of Goethe and Shelley.) Many of them are persons of the sort that Sherwood Anderson would soon call "grotesques."

There are several suicides, and a good many victims of murder, fraud, injustice, religious subjection, and spiritual death; and the procession of malefactors, victims, and wretches throughout the first half of the book is indeed a dismal one. This view from the dark side of The Hill suggests that the *communitas* of the town of Spoon River is maintained in two modes, public and private. In the public realm, Courthouse, Church, Press, and Pulpit are the institutional instruments, with Thomas Rhodes's Bank remaining always the center of power and control, even as the epitaph of the man himself occurs at the center of the book. (In the edition of 1915, it was 104th out of 210.) Most of those in power are seen as morally corrupt, although in each sphere there are antithetical figures, usually lonely in some way. In the private realm are the horrors, the despairs, and the abuses of sexual and family life, and it is the internalized "institutions" of erotic repression, guilt, fear, and quiet and unquiet desperation, among others, that seem to move among these lives from within in response to the forces exerted by Money and Law from without.

But the moral map of Spoon River is not drawn only on the projection of the turn-of-the-century muckraking reformer, with many of whose views Masters was indeed sympathetic. It partakes also of a mature skepticism about some of the simple pieties of populism. Masters puts the epitaphs of "the fools, the drunkards, and the failures" first, and toward the end of the anthology come the monologues of "the heroes and the enlightened spirits," although these seem inevitably less forceful than the earlier ones. (In between, in what he admitted was a Dantean progression, Masters placed the souls of what he called "people of one-birth minds.") Among the "enlightened spirits" are the amateur scientists; the astronomer; the village atheist; Father Malloy, the one cleric exempt from the charge of corruption, who, in the almost totally Protestant town, is an exotic and spiritually rich outsider, and counts for Masters as a secular flame and rock; the skeptic Schofield Huxley and the prophets Isaiah Beethoven and Elijah Browning. (These manifest the allusive naming, sometimes heavily ironic, in the latter part of the book, as in Voltaire Johnson or Hamlet Micure.)

Masters had published two minor volumes of poems, in 1898 and 1910, before his one major book. After the immediate success of the first *Spoon River Anthology*, he moved to New York, where he continued to live and to write, giving up his law practice in 1920 and subsequently publishing five novels, plays, several biographies, a memoir, and a history of the Sangamon River, before his death in 1950. In 1924 Masters brought out *The New Spoon River*, a sequel that contained 318 new epitaphs, some of considerable interest, but many with less force, less individuation, and less interconnectedness than the epitaphs of the original book. (One can't resist wondering whether the name of the final speaker, the ponderous aphorist "Cleanthus Trilling," was not inserted by a later wag to send up a pair of influential literary critics who flourished in later decades.)

Masters was born in Garnett, Kansas, in 1868, but his family soon moved to Illinois, and he grew up in the region around Springfield. After a year at Knox College in Galesburg, Illinois, where he studied Greek and became acquainted with some of the classics, he returned to Kansas to study law privately. In 1892 he moved to Chicago, gradually building up a good law practice, and becoming more and more involved with the literary life of the city. It was in Chicago that he began writing, and eventually publishing, while still enjoying the intellectual challenge and the sociological insights gained from a legal practice sometimes made difficult by his radical views. "The law had been an x-ray to me, and many kinds of chemicals," he wrote later of the relation between his legal work and his writing.

While J.W. Mackail's elegant prose translations of *Select Epigrams from the Greek Anthology*, which his friend and editor William Marion Reedy gave Masters in 1913, were perhaps an enabling force for him, so too was a visit from his mother to Chicago in May 1914 a precipitating one. They talked much of "the whole past Lewistown and Petersburg," bringing up people and events he had forgotten and tracing "those persons to their final fates." Some days later, just after her departure, he started on "The Hill" and a few of the first portraits of what would be the anthology.

But he was also conflating this impulse with another, long-abandoned one. A decade earlier he had thought of a novel that might represent and embody an entire town. In his memoir *Across Spoon River*, which appeared in 1936, Masters recalls asking, "Why not make this book the book I had thought about in 1906, in which I should draw the macrocosm by portraying the microcosm? Why not put side by side the stories of two characters interlocked by fate, thus giving both misunderstood souls a chance to be justly weighed?" But that earlier unwritten book had perhaps its own earlier source: in 1903 Masters entered into a law partnership, which lasted eight years, with the subsequently illustrious Clarence Darrow.

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Darrow himself published, in 1904, a book called *Farmington*, a strangely lyrical novel done as a set of sketches about a small Pennsylvania town. It probably influenced Masters strongly, first in his desire to write that novel about that Illinois town, and eventually in the transmutation of that intention into Spoon River. Darrow's chapter on the town's burying ground, creeping in time up a hill from the churchyard, may have been particularly resonant, as in a moment like this one:

> I think the first time my faith was shaken in anything I saw on a gravestone was when I chanced upon a brand-new slab erected to the memory of the town drunkard by his "loving wife and children." The inscription said that the deceased was a kind and loving husband and a most indulgent father. Everyone in Farmington knew that the wife had often called in the constable to protect her from the husband; but still here was the stone. Yet, after all, the inscription may not have been untrue; indeed, it may have been more truthful than those that rested above many a man and woman who had lived and died without reproach.

This is the sort of conjecture that lies behind the epitaph of Chase Henry, Spoon River's town drunkard, and the wry observation of Judge Somers that he, the erudite lawyer, lies "unmarked, forgotten, / While Chase Henry, the town drunkard, / Has a marble block, topped by an urn, / Wherein Nature, in a mood ironical, [and here the high, inverted diction itself produces a tone ironical] / Has sown a flowering weed . . . " Generally, it raises the question of undecidable narrations, which Browning's great *The Ring and the Book* raised for Masters with lasting effect; that is, it gives local narrative force to the diptychs and the polyptychs and the deferred pairings of epitaphs, one correcting, revising, making ironic the special pleading of another, basically supplying the "plot" of the whole sequence, aside from what the author acknowledged to be the nineteen stories "developed by interrelated portraits."

Literary allusion and echo aside, historical allusiveness is everywhere present in the book, particularly in the names of the dead citizens of Spoon River, with a range of degrees and kinds of irony. Masters reported later that he had drawn most of the names "from both the Spoon River and Sangamon River cemeteries, combining first names here with surnames there . . . ," and Hallwas is indefatigable in his pursuit of these sources, although frequently showing (as in the case of "Ida Chicken") that someone of that name whom Masters actually knew was absolutely nothing like the character he devised to bear it. But the names on The Hill represent a broad spectrum of modes of fictional naming. There are the sorts of names from eighteenth-century drama and fiction, like those of Penniwit the Artist or Petit the (obviously minor and trivial) Poet. (The latter is opposed to Theodore the Poet, more a self-portrait of Masters himself.) There is the Dickensian-Dostoyevskian sort of fantastic name that evokes, less literally but through near puns, something of character: it has been remarked that "Hod Putt," the opening portrait of the anthology, with his grim observations on bankruptcy, is indeed "hard put." There are the allusive associations of names like that of the town banker, which evokes the name of Cecil Rhodes, and the pointed irony of Robert Southey Burke, which alludes to the English romantic poet scorned by Byron and others for selling out to archconservatism. Or there is the broad irony in the name of Georgine Sand Miner, the shallow, vengeful, and unproductive echo of the free-living and high-minded pseudonymous French novelist. Or W. Lloyd Garrison Standard, no moral kin of the great abolitionist.

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The fictional community of Spoon River itself reflects the actual name of the river in central Illinois, and the town of Lewisburg situated on it, and the town of Petersburg on the Sangamon. (Masters's family moved from the latter to the former in his youth.) And there are seven actual historical personages buried on The Hill (although two of them—Davis and Lucinda Matlock—are given a changed surname), three of whom are constellated around Abraham Lincoln: his law partner and biographer Herndon, his supposed early love Ann Ritledge, and most interestingly a woman named Hannah Armstrong, whose story slightly fictionalizes the historical facts on which it is based.

A word might be said here in praise of Hallwas's annotation. He glosses topical allusions that might well have been grasped by Masters's original audience (for example, that the "Q" for which the attorney worked "to beat the claims / Of the crippled, the widow and orphan" was the familiar name of the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy railroad). Masters's speakers from beyond the grave are frequently allusive; phrases from the Bible, from Shakespeare, and from English poetry keep appearing, without fanfare and with a variety of rhetorical uses. Even older and better educated readers today who would know of, say, John Peter Altgeld, the progressive governor of Illinois, can benefit from many of Hallwas's identifications (though these same readers may feel that there is too much annotation in some instances).

But it is an extremely unfamiliar bit of quotation that introduces the epitaph of Ami Green: "Not 'A youth with hoary head and haggard eye,' / But an old man with a smooth skin / And black hair!..." A note helpfully points us to an obscure poem of Shelley's (one of two called "Death"); the figure so described by Shelley is a personification of Misery, and we must ponder the irony of the speaker, who "had the face of a boy as long as [he] lived," claiming his own appearance for an allegory of misery: "the much-sought prize of eternal youth / Is just arrested growth," he concludes. And it is in a helpful, rather than a churlish, spirit that I point out one familiar error: John Hancock Otis, who proclaimed himself "to the manner born," is, of course, quoting from *Hamlet* IV, i, and Hallwas incorrectly adduces the well-known folk-etymology "to the manor [sic!] born" as a corrupted source.

Prior to the *Spoon River Anthology*, Masters had written very conventional verse of a not particularly distinguished sort; and while Goethe, Emerson, Shelley, Browning, and Whitman were all important for him, he had been unable to use his great precursors in the way that strong poets do. The interrelated monologues of *The Ring and the Book* were obviously influential for Masters, and he imitated aspects of it more obviously in his later work. In *Spoon River Anthology* we find frequent Browningesque rhetorical turns. Masters was extremely sophisticated in his knowledge of antecedent free verse in English. In talking of his friend Carl Sandburg, he correctly invokes the Matthew Arnold of "The Strayed Reveller," a poem that many modernist metrical cranks ignore, Ossian, William Ernest Henley, the German romantics, Whitman—though Mackail's prose translations from the *Greek Anthology* seem to have had the precipitating formal effect on his writing.

Masters described the metrical convention of the Spoon River epitaphs as "a kind of free verse which was free as iambic pentameter is free, where the lack of rhyme and the changing caesuras, and the varying meter give scope for emotion and music." The rhythmic variations that keep sounding through these epitaphs give voice to them in a way that much subsequent free verse could not. In any case, Masters thought of the formal mode of his book as extending, rather than shallowly (and modernistically, like some American poets of the next fifteen years) affronting, poetic continuity.

In other ways, too, the poetic language of his book is far less simple, colloquial, and "modern" than has been observed. When poetic inversions occur, they are often sophisticatedly enlisted in aid of a pointed effect. Lucinda Matlock's "Rambled over the fields where sang the larks" should by all rights be "where the larks sang"; but the immediate context is an allusion to an Edenic context, and the lines establishing it are pure Milton:

> I made the garden, and for holiday
> Rambled over the fields where sang the larks,
> And by Spoon River gathering many a shell,
> And many a flower and medicinal weed ...

The collection concludes with the Apollonian invocation of Webster Ford. The name is a composite of the Jacobean playwrights John Webster and John Ford, and Masters frequently used it as a nom de plume, particularly for the authorship of the separate "garlands" of epitaphs that he originally published. This last poem must therefore be considered his own notional epitaph. (The distinguished poet May Swenson felt that the epitaph of Percival Sharp was also Masters's own.) The Webster Ford epitaph is mythopoetically quite complex. It is centered on the story of Daphne and Apollo as a fable of the origins of poetry in defeated erotic desire; but it also brings in, at its opening, Mickey M'Grew, the "man-of-all-work in Spoon River" whose gesture of bravura caused his death by falling, and associates him by implication with Phaeton or Icarus as an Apollonian failure, fallen aspiration. This is contrasted with Webster Ford's own inspiration.

> Do you remember, O Delphic Apollo,
> The sunset hour by the river, when Mickey M'Grew
> Cried, "There's a ghost," and I, "It's Delphic Apollo";
> And the son of the banker derided us, saying, "It's light
> By the flags at the water's edge, you half-witted fools."
> And from thence, as the wearisome years rolled on, long after
> Poor Mickey fell down in the water tower to his death,
> Down, down, through bellowing darkness, I carried
> The vision which perished with him like a rocket which falls
> And quenches its light in earth, and hid it for fear
> Of the son of the banker, calling on Plutus to save me?
> Avenged were you for the shame of a fearful heart,
> Who left me alone till I saw you again in an hour
> When I seemed to be turned to a tree with trunk and branches
> Growing indurate, turning to stone, yet burgeoning
> In laurel leaves, in hosts of lambent laurel,
> Quivering, fluttering, shrinking, fighting the numbness
> Creeping into their veins from the dying trunk and branches!
> 'Tis vain, O youth, to fly the call of Apollo.
> Fling yourselves in the fire, die with a song of spring,
> If die you must in the spring. For none shall look
> On the face of Apollo and live, and choose you must
> 'Twixt death in the flame and death after years of sorrow,
> Rooted fast in the earth, feeling the grisly hand,
> Not so much in the trunk as in the terrible numbness
> Creeping up to the laurel leaves that never cease
> To flourish until you fall....

In modern America, the pure heroic has become impossible; but there was a modernist time in which the conjunction of rage at injustice and an overleaping hopefulness constituted a sort of democratic nobility of the spirit.

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Spoon River Anthology partakes of that American conjunction. By now it has become so much a part of the American literary landscape that nature has begun to imitate it: I recall a friend's telling me, to my initial disbelief, of an epitaph on a tombstone in a Key West cemetery: "*I told you I was sick.*" It sounds like a line by a Borscht Belt comic, but one need only imagine a continuation of its story for two dozen lines or so, and then it stops being funny, and reveals its true origin on The Hill, in Spoon River.

JOHN HOLLANDER recently wrote the introduction to *Spoon River Anthology* for Signet Classics.

The Playboy of the Western World

BY JACOB HEILBRUNN

Spanning the Century: The Life of W. Averell Harriman, 1891-1986 by Rudy Abramson

(Morrow, 779 pp., $25)

When Mikhail Gorbachev was touring the United States in May instructing his audiences of corporate chiefs that there were no winners in the cold war and importuning the nonwinners for donations, the Moscow daily *Kuranty* observed that Gorbachev's "salon socialism" no longer appeared to frighten magnates "who generously donate dollars to the favorite retirement pastime of Gorbachev—his fund." In fact, though Gorbachev's willingness to don a tuxedo may have reassured some CEOs, the "capitalist camp" has a long history of doing business with Soviet leaders and bailing them out of economic difficulties.

As early as the 1920s, American businessmen trekked to Moscow to sign contracts with the fledgling Bolshevik regime. By 1927 Ford Motors, DuPont, and General Electric had assumed a crucial role in rebuilding the war-torn Soviet economy. In the 1930s, they were central in implementing Stalin's crash program of industrialization. (American firms built all the oil refineries in Baku, the vast Magnitogorsk steel works, and most heavy industries during the third Five Year Plan between 1936 and 1940.) In the '70s, consumer goods replaced heavy industry, and corporate leaders such as Pepsico's Donald Kendall (a sponsor of Gorbachev's recent tour) championed détente, in the belief that Russians would switch from vodka to Pepsi. So it's no great surprise to learn that where Kendall saw in Brezhnev "a fantastic showman" who could "walk into a room and take the place over," David Rockefeller Jr. now detects in Gorbachev "an extraordinary, indeed unique human resource."

Among the businessmen who aspired to statesman-like status, W. Averell Harriman occupies a special place. Canonized as one of the "wise men" by Walter Isaacson and Evan Thomas, Harriman did more than propound policy, he executed it. Visiting Russia as a lad during his father's celebrated expedition to Alaska in 1899, he returned in 1924 to establish a manganese concession in Georgia. During World War II, he functioned as an intermediary between Roosevelt, Churchill, and Stalin, first as Lend-Lease coordinator in London and then as ambassador to Moscow. As fond of "collecting" conferences as any world leader, he attended the Big Three and Four-Power meetings at Casablanca, Cairo, Tehran, Yalta, and Potsdam. He served Truman as ambassador to Britain and secretary of commerce, concluded the negotiations for the 1963 nuclear test-ban treaty, and headed the Paris peace talks. Making repeated trips to Moscow during the 1970s and 1980s, he espoused a policy of, in effect, constructive engagement with the Soviet Union, prodding Ford and Carter to conclude arms-control agreements with Brezhnev.

Was Harriman a camp-follower whose wealth gained him entry into the chambers of the great, or did he make a distinctive contribution to the conduct of foreign policy? Rudy Abramson, drawing on interviews with Harriman, his outspoken wife, Pamela, and numerous associates, supplies the material for a judgment on Harriman's life. Abramson, a Washington correspondent for the *Los Angeles Times*, writes with verve (if also at Michenerian length). Unfortunately, he does not himself go far beyond collect-

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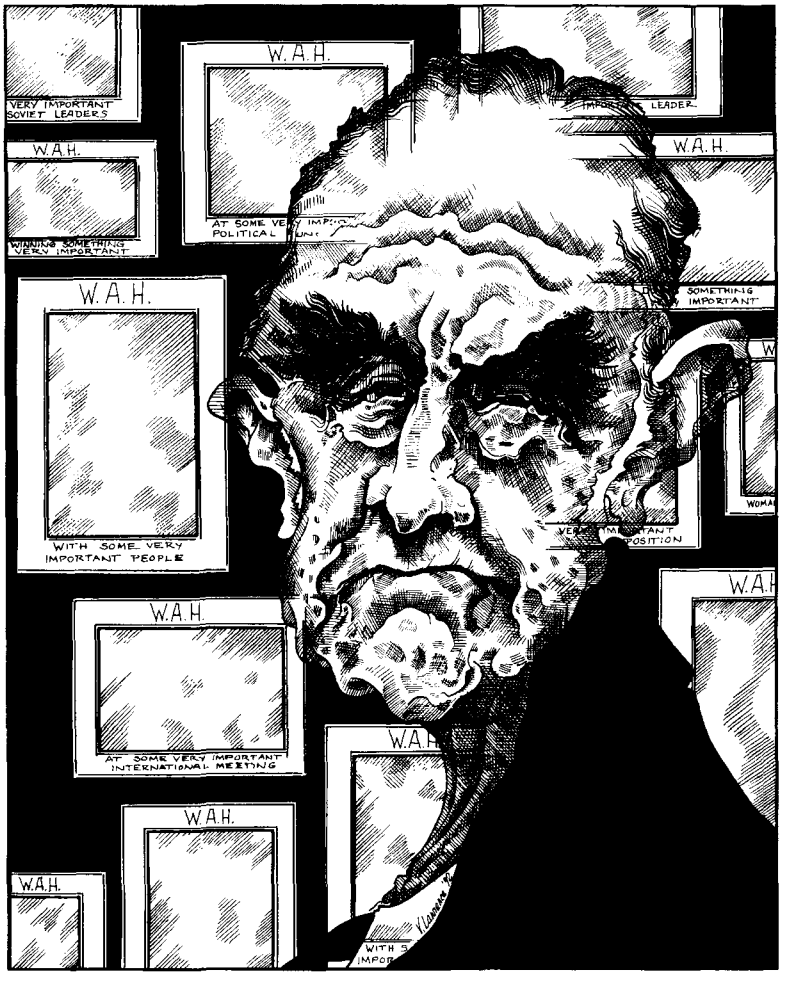
ing the cold, hard facts. His comments tend to be trite—had Harriman's sense of humor only matched his energy, we are told, he "might have been president." And he treads too softly to convey the caginess that led Joseph Alsop in his posthumously published memoir, *"I've Seen the Best of It,"* to label Harriman "one of the most self-absorbed and coldly ambitious men I have ever seen in government." A reporter can become the captive of his sources; Abramson's uncritical account of his subject's Soviet dealings and of his narrow ambitions suggests that he succumbed to Harriman's lofty view of his own importance.

As the eldest son of the Union Pacific railroad baron Edward "E. H." Harriman, young Averell grew up breathing air redolent of ethical compromises and naked ambition. E. H., the son of an impecunious parson, was one of the self-made men who amassed vast fortunes after the Civil War and went on to form a new Northeastern ruling class that displaced the older urban gentry. (Henry Adams's *Education* bemoaned the fact that "the generation between 1865 and 1895 was already mortgaged to the railways, and no one knew it better than the generation itself. Adams would have liked to help in building railways, but had no education. He was not fit.") But E. H. paraded his avarice too brazenly to gain him the respectability that he desired. In 1901, with a railroad empire stretching 23,000 miles and worth some $1.5 billion, E. H. plotted a takeover of his rival James J. Hill's Northern Pacific and was caught red-handed when he precipitated a crash on Wall Street. Averell was 10 when Theodore Roosevelt denounced his father as an "enemy of the Republic." As a result, E. H. became a household term for chicanery and stock manipulation.

E. H. placed Averell on the waiting list for Groton within days of his birth: he was to be the instrument for gaining the Harrimans respectability. The pressure was intense. A poor, if earnest, student, Harriman scraped through Groton, where he struggled to overcome his stammer—a product of his father's unrelenting demands that he better himself. When E. H. died in 1909, Mary Harriman took over the task of grooming the scion of the family. She became a financial backer of the crew team at Yale, where her son studied mainly rowing. Averell, determined to put a stop to the thrashings that Harvard was administering to the Yale crew, became coach of the freshman team. Given permission to skip classes for six weeks, he went on the first of his diplomatic missions—to study rowing techniques at Oxford. He brought back the goods and transformed the fortunes of the Yale crew; his success coupled with a Groton accent and properly reserved eastern manners saw to his induction into Skull and Bones.



W. AVERELL HARRIMAN BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Newly graduated, Harriman spent two years working on the railroad before his mother installed him as vice president of the firm in 1914. But he wanted to prove himself, and persuaded his mother to invest in a shipbuilding venture. America's prospective entry into the European war seemed to guarantee vast profits. "The young man from Yale" (as workers in newly-named Harriman, Pa., called him) was able to avoid induction by pleading shipyard duties. Partly because he skipped military service, his agreement in 1919 with the late enemy in the form of Hamburg-American lines created a furor. (Fellow Bonesman Robert Lovett later commented that "Averell was regarded as something much less than the beau ideal during those years.") Unlike his father, however, Harriman lacked a keen scent for business; failing to foresee the effects of prohibition and restrictions on immigrants, his venture collapsed (as would his investment in Georgian manganese mines), and Mama insisted that he abandon the high seas.

Polo, in truth, was his consuming interest; he personified Veblen's insight that "in itself and in its consequences the life of leisure is beautiful and ennobling to all civilized men's eyes." At his mother's sprawling Arden, New York, estate, he played polo by day, threw Gatsbyan parties by night, and (as Abramson's lapidary chapter title "Playboy" suggests) chased women at all hours. After carrying on a P. G. Wodehouse-like liaison with the show girl Teddy Gerard, he later seduced the wife of his friend Cornelius Vanderbilt, "Sonny" White. Indeed, many of "Averell's friends had no idea that he was married" to Kitty Lanier Lawrance, whom he had wed in September 1915. Fittingly, his one business success was Sun Valley, where he introduced downhill skiing to Americans. Far more comfortable in the bedroom than the boardroom, the playboy roared through the '20s with only a superficial interest in business and politics.

But by 1928 his sister Mary's influence had displaced that of his mother, and the birthright Republican voted for Al Smith. Mary was a cherished friend of Eleanor Roosevelt, an ardent reformer, and later a champion of the New Deal, and she was eager to imbue him with her own crusading spirit. Though he later portrayed his entry into politics solely as an act of conscience, it was more his sister's conscience than his own. In 1933 Harriman joined the New Dealers in

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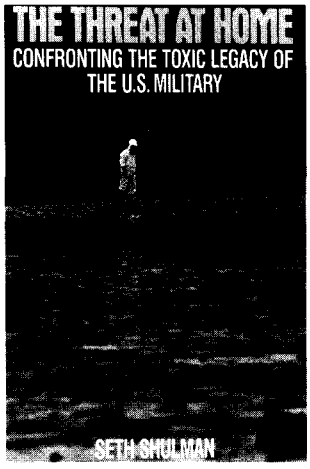
order to influence the drafting of bills affecting the securities industry, banks, and the railroads. Like other members of the budding political establishment (such as James Forrestal), he realized that with the New Deal, power had shifted from the Street to the Capitol.

As assistant to the rumbustious General Hugh Johnson, he spearheaded the crusade in New York for the National Recovery Administration's Blue Eagle campaign. By putting in eighteen-hour days, Harriman got to be Johnson's senior assistant administrator and, finally, chief administrative officer of the national Industrial Recovery Board. Still, this was small beer for the Wall Street financier. He had not abandoned the Street to toil in obscurity in Washington. Harriman sensed the need for a mentor and he found him in the Cardinal Wolsey of the Roosevelt administration, Harry Hopkins. The former Iowa farm boy Hopkins liked to strike up friendships with wealthy, sophisticated Easterners. He singled out Harriman, whose frosty temperament proved congenial to him. According to Abramson, Hopkins and Harriman were both "fidgety, impatient workers" who "seldom read a book for the joy of it and... wrote letters devoid of intimacy or texture." So with Harriman fidgeting for a promotion, Hopkins in 1940 arranged his appointment as Lend-Lease administrator in London.

There he outmaneuvered two successive American ambassadors, as he conducted private talks with Stalin on Lend-Lease aid to the Soviet Union. Harriman's interference did not help. An astute judge of character, Stalin may have sensed his eagerness to please—a quality he and his camarilla would exploit in days to come. Nor did Harriman's performance receive rave reviews from his colleagues. In Brigadier Raymond E. Lee's view, Harriman was exploiting his post in order "to interfere in anything and everything." In the opinion of the British ambassador Clark Kerr, he was "a champion bum sucker," and the hard-line ambassador Admiral William Standley dismissed him as "a moth flitting around the sparks and flame of the interchange."

This was not Harriman's first venture into Soviet diplomatic waters. In 1926, in order to rescue the Georgian manganese concession, he visited Moscow, where the Bolsheviks wined and dined him, while the *bezprizornye*, the Civil War orphans, roamed Moscow's streets begging for food. The one-sided deal he had entered in 1925 came to be known as

THE BEACON APPROACH



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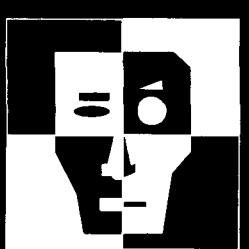
"Harriman's folly." In one of his few truthful dispatches to *The New York Times*, Walter Duranty acidly commented that the contract signed by Harriman "would have made old E. H. Harriman turn in his grave because it was so utterly inept." In 1926 the concession flopped. Harriman, still hoping to recover a million-dollar loan to the Soviets, remained silent as the NKVD deported his former Russian and Georgian employees to Siberia. (Abramson fails to note an irony: in the same year a U.S. government plane crashed, killing his prize pony, and Harriman was incensed that the government had "demeaned" his horse by offering insufficient compensation. He hounded Washington on the matter for eight years.)

With his appointment as ambassador to Moscow in October 1943, Harriman sought to overcome obstacles to U.S.-Soviet cooperation by ingratiating himself with Stalin. George Kennan, who served as Harriman's chargé d'affaires, recounts in his memoirs that Harriman "wanted to operate on a higher plane," and was convinced that "he could learn more that was important in one interview with Stalin than the rest of us could learn in months of pedestrian study of Soviet publications." Typical of Harriman's wishful thinking about his host was his inability to countenance Soviet responsibility for the murder of 5,000 Polish army officers in the Katyn forest just west of Smolensk. After his 25-year-old daughter Kathleen had visited the site and agreed with her Soviet cicerones that the Nazis, not the Soviets, were the murderers, Harriman sped off a dispatch to FDR affirming his daughter's findings. As Abramson puts it, this was "what he wanted to believe—that the Germans had carried out the atrocities and duped the Polish government in exile." According to Allen Paul's *Katyn* (1991), Kathleen recanted before a select committee of the U.S. House of Representatives on November 12, 1952; but her father persisted in endorsing the Soviet fabrication. It was entirely possible, he lamely contended, that the Nazis had "tried to frame the Russians to create friction among the allies."

Harriman's illusions concerning Stalin's intention toward the Poles were not entirely of his own making. They reflected the Rooseveltian belief that given enough goodwill and persistence, an accommodation could be reached with Stalin. At Tehran in 1943 Churchill and Roosevelt had conceded the Curzon line to Stalin, thereby acquiescing in the shift of Poland's borders westward. In 1944 Harriman still believed that tough negotiations could induce Stalin to create a free, if docile, Polish government consisting of non-Communist and Communist Poles. Abramson, whose account of the war years is muddled, does not record that in March 1944, when Stalin's intentions were abundantly clear, Harriman wrote that "there is no evidence that he [Stalin] is unwilling to allow an independent Poland to emerge."

Indeed, on June 13 Harriman met with Stalin's Warsaw emissaries and told Molotov how deeply he was "impressed with their earnestness." He failed to challenge Molotov's statement that "they were real representatives of Poland." According to Vojtech Mastny in *Russia's Road to the Cold War*, "the Harriman-Molotov conversation of June 13 may well have been as important for Poland's future government as Churchill's intervention at Tehran had been for Poland's frontiers." As with Katyn, Harriman never acknowledged his fatal error in persuading the allies to acknowledge Stalin's Polish creatures.

The following anecdote, recounted by Joseph Alsop, who observed that Harriman "could be quite brutal" about "covering his tracks with a careful reordering or reassessment of the facts when his reputation was threatened,"



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could not be more revealing and lends the sort of color missing in Abramson's account: confronted by Polish émigré Teddy Weintal following the war, Harriman shattered the calm of a Georgetown dinner party. While the guests gaped, he seized Weintal by the scruff of the neck, shook him up and down, and thundered: "If you wish to destroy me, Teddy, then I'll destroy you!" Deferential enough toward the powerful, Harriman could summon up toughness toward the people he had betrayed. And in bullying Weintal, who was hardly in a position to "destroy" him, Harriman revealed only how precarious his sense of self was.

Harriman's cheery portrait of U.S.-Soviet relations began to crack in July 1944. When Stalin refused to assist the Warsaw partisans, Harriman, after meeting with Foreign Minister Andrei Vishinsky, reported that he had conducted "the toughest talk I ever had with a Soviet official." If so, the unsentimental mood did not last. On the eve of the Yalta conference Harriman helped draft the Declaration on Liberated Europe, which recognized Moscow's puppet regime in Poland. As George Kennan said at the time, it was "the shabbiest sort of equivocation," one designed to "pull the wool over the eyes of the Western public."

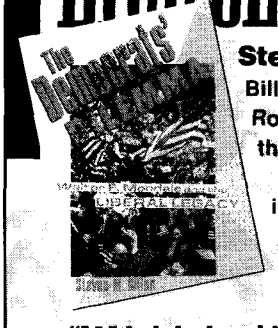
Roosevelt, of course, bears ultimate responsibility for decisions made during the war; but Harriman always liked to pretend that he had been on the side of the angels. At Yalta, he had played a central role in conducting negotiations with Stalin and Molotov. As the "American most involved," writes Abramson, "he shared the blame, but did not readily accept it." This is illustrated by a secret protocol in which U.S. negotiators had acceded to numerous Soviet demands for American concessions in the Far East. In exchange for Soviet promises to enter the war in the Pacific, the United States had ceded to Stalin the Sakhalin islands, control over the naval base at Port Arthur, and a predominant interest in China's chief port, Darien. (In addition, the Yalta agreement stated that "all Soviet citizens liberated by the forces operating under United States command" would be forcibly repatriated to the Soviet Union in the belief that Stalin would then return all American POWs. Recent revelations show that hundreds of American soldiers remained trapped in the Gulag, and so this turned out to be not only morally obtuse but also utterly unrealistic.)

Churchill tartly noted in *Triumph and Tragedy* that "in the United States there have been many reproaches about the concessions made to Soviet Russia. The responsibility rests with their own representatives." But the American representatives were, of course, not prepared to accept that responsibility. Testifying before a joint Senate committee on August 17, 1951, on "Our Wartime Relations With the Soviet Union," Harriman in particular refused to concede that the accords had legitimized Soviet aggrandizement. It is true that in his memoirs, *Special Envoy to Churchill and Stalin* (1975), Harriman asserted that the secret protocol had dismayed him. But if that was the case, he kept his feelings under wraps, and never ventured a word of criticism.

Harriman, in fact, never lost his belief that an understanding could be reached with Stalin, that he could be dealt with like a hard-nosed railroad man. Though he cabled in April 1945 that "unless we are willing to live in a world dominated largely by Soviet influence we must use our economic power to assist those countries that are naturally friendly to our concepts," he also believed that "we can in time attain a workable basis for our relations." Abramson repeats Harriman's later contention that he had known of Kennan's "long telegram," that its "conclusions [were] close to Harriman's own," and that he had from the start intended to distribute it around Washington. In fact, Harriman masked his fury at being upstaged by a subordinate by readily agreeing with the telegram's conclusions. Abramson misses a fine opportunity to explore the telling contrast between Harriman and Kennan. Unlike Kennan, who was the only wise man among the wise men, Harriman was incapable of comprehending or predicting the actions of the Soviet state, because his emotional and intellectual limitations blinded him to the true character of the totalitarian state. In *Witness to History* (1973) Charles Bohlen put his finger on the problem: "I cannot say that I ever felt that he really fully understood the nature of the Soviet system. Reading ideological books was not his forte."

After Roosevelt's death, Harriman, in what would became a pattern with succeeding Democratic presidents, desperately scrambled for a post. After heading a committee on Marshall Fund aid, in 1946 he landed an appointment to succeed Henry Wallace as secretary of commerce, where he waited for the plum job at State. To his utter amazement, the plum went to a former rowing pupil of his at Yale, Dean Acheson. Harriman was exiled to the gloomy defiles of the Old Executive Office Building. He had miscalculated. Banking on Truman's defeat

BILL CLINTON'S DILEMMA



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in the '48 election, he had refused to make a substantial contribution to his campaign, and expecting to return to New York had committed the unpardonable mistake of buying a Manhattan townhouse.

Harriman did eventually return to New York to run for Governor. In 1954, following an abortive run for the presidency, he squandered an enormous lead in the New York gubernatorial race, but managed to eke out a victory. His campaign manager concluded that he would have been better off not campaigning; he mumbled, stammered, and during his acceptance speech butchered the pronunciation of his running mate's name. He accomplished nothing as a one-term Governor, for, unfamiliar with state issues, there was nothing that he wished to accomplish. Like George Bush he sought power as an end in itself. In 1956, still laboring under the delusion that he was presidential timber, the man Eisenhower would ridicule as a "nincompoop" and a "Park Avenue Truman" sought the Democratic presidential nomination, trimming his views on the cold war to suit the liberal wing of the party. But his dismal speaking abilities, as well as the inept attempts to play the racial card by alternately dismissing and embracing black rights, sank his prospects. (In the North Harriman called for "zeal not moderation in the struggle for civil rights"; in the West he refused to take issue with Oklahoma Governor Cary's description of him as a moderate on school desegregation, and he charged that "some scoundrels" are "trying to make me out the wild man on civil rights.") Harriman, in fact, resembled Lord Rosebery as Churchill described him in *Great Contemporaries*:

> One had to face the caucus, the wire-puller and the soap-box; one had to stand on platforms built of planks of all descriptions. He did not like it. He could not do it. He would not try. He knew what was wise and fair and true. He would not go through the laborious, vexatious and at times humiliating processes necessary under modern conditions to bring about these great ends. He would not stoop; he did not conquer.

Repudiated by the electorate, the former New Dealer and Fair Dealer set about remaking himself into a New Frontiersman. The self-rehabilitation process began in 1959, when he traveled to Moscow to visit with Khrushchev: "He badly needed to get back to the territory to revalidate his cherished reputation as an authority on the Kremlin." Hoping to strengthen the dovish Harriman politically, Khrushchev vouchsafed him a high-profile audience. In September 1960 Harriman hosted his celebrated Millionaire's Party (a preview of Gorbachev's recent foray) during which American plutocrats hobnobbed with the general secretary to assure him of their goodwill. As David Halberstam put it in *The Best and the Brightest*, the Khrushchev visit was "a marvelous piece of wampum to barter with a new President." Improving American-Soviet relations was an instrument with which to improve his own political fortunes were Kennedy to become president.

But the new president simply regarded him as a nuisance. A stream of supplicatory letters earned him the crumb of roving ambassador. As one colleague remarked, Kennedy "would give him dirty little jobs, which Harriman would snatch up—he'd pack his bags and go off to the Far East or wherever." At one point, Harriman the old conference collector, mortified at the prospect of being excluded from JFK's Paris summit meeting with Khrushchev, flew to Geneva and buttonholed the president only to be rebuffed. Still, Harriman's dirty jobs came to involve more than just packing his bags. Put in charge of the Laos negotiations, he naively accepted Soviet assurances that they would guarantee North Vietnamese observance of Laotian neutrality. In the event, the result was that North Vietnam immediately used Laotian jungle trails to attack the South—the Averell Harriman Highway, some dubbed it.

Harriman's one moment of glory came in June 1963, when Kennedy appointed him to head the negotiations for the limited nuclear test-ban treaty, which he concluded successfully. But it would become clear during the 1970s that Harriman never appreciated that successful arms talks were the product, not the source, of stability between the two superpowers. And Harriman, in intemperately pushing for the infamous Harriman-Hilsman telegram that precipitated the assassination of Diem, squandered the trust that he had earned with JFK. (The telegram to Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge Jr. had warned that "we must face the possibility that Diem himself cannot be preserved.") "His advice," says Abramson, "had become suspect because of his emotionalism in the cable dispute."

Lyndon Johnson's presidency offered Harriman yet another opportunity to insinuate himself into the inner circles of power. The master manipulator, though, knew precisely how to manipulate Harriman. In *The Triumph & Tragedy of Lyndon Johnson*, Joseph Califano reports that Johnson explained to him that "Ol' Averell likes women.... Tell him we'll put a couple of pretty nurses on the plane and they'll start working on him as soon as the wheels are up and by the time he gets to Santiago he'll have it up!" For his part, Harriman showered the Johnsons with gifts, sending caviar from Iran, antique muskets from Afghanistan, and flowers for Lady Bird; he threw lavish soirees for the Johnson daughters' marriages. His friend Chet Cooper remarked, "I wouldn't want to use the word *grovel*—but I guess I just did."

The word is harsh, but it is not unfair. With no inner resources to fall back on, Harriman was a lickspittle, who clutched at whatever bones Johnson was willing to throw him and grabbed for those that he didn't. Desperate to be included in a meeting of the "wise men," Harriman overcame the dictates of good breeding and crashed the gathering. Harriman suppressed whatever misgivings he might have had about the Vietnam war; as Arthur Schlesinger learned at one of his poolside parties, the Governor, as Harriman insisted on being addressed, would not brook even the mildest criticism of LBJ's conduct of the war. Harriman put it best, when explaining to Chet Cooper why he would never break with Johnson: "Maybe you can say it, and maybe you will say it. But I won't, and that's why you are out on the street, and I'm still here." And that's why the inveterate Democrat, while offering Henry Kissinger the run of his house on Eighty-first Street during the transition period, even put out feelers to Nixon after the '68 election.

To the last, Harriman relied on women and politics to bolster his fragile sense of self-esteem. "All his life," John Kenneth Galbraith commented, "Averell needed reinforcement of his self-esteem, and his relationship with the Soviet Union was part of that." Abramson, who fails to confront Harriman's tacit legitimization of the Soviet regime, evades the central issue. For, in exchange for the self-affirmation that he received from his visits to Brezhnev throughout the '70s, Harriman wore his love for peace on his sleeve. He readily fell in with the regnant belief that the United States had to conclude arms-control agreements with the Soviet Union and swallow all doubts about the regime. Amazingly, the elder statesman of the Democratic party accepted Soviet boilerplate at face value and parroted it. If not the sole cause, Harriman was symptomatic of the decline of the national fortunes of the Democratic party, of the obfuscation of Soviet realities that rendered it incapable of offering a sound alternative to the Reagan defense spending spree. Abramson never alludes to Harriman's published statements, such as his comment on Brezhnev printed in the November 12, 1980, *New York Times*,

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which hailed him as a kind of oracle. The death of the man who had launched the invasion of Afghanistan and sent Sakharov into internal exile, he said,

> is a loss for both the United States and the Soviet Union, particularly as President Brezhnev wanted peace and wanted to negotiate. President Brezhnev himself told me how important it is that we maintain the peace between our two countries because he was a member of the generation which experienced fully the trauma and horrors of the war and the 20 million Soviet dead.

Brezhnev's death, in truth, meant an end to the special relationship that he had cultivated with the Soviet leadership. But Harriman's wartime London flame, Pamela Digby Churchill, filled the gap. Having run through Randolph Churchill, Edward Murrow, Elie de Rothschild, Giovanni Agnelli, and Leland Hayward (whose children accused her of purloining the family jewels), she now trained her sights on the octogenarian. The conquest was almost too easy. Soon pillows adorned with the Digby crest and French antiques appeared in the Harriman household. The playboy had reverted to type. Deftly supplying the stroking he had never received from his deceased wife, Marie, who had taken his measure and referred to him as "the old cheapskate," the newlywed's wife easily assumed his role in the Democratic party, becoming one of its leading fund-raisers. Where her husband had feted Khrushchev, she now hosted tea parties for Raisa Gorbachev; the éminence grise gave way to the would-be Queen Mother of the Democratic party. For Harriman, politics and women had reached a kind of posthumous state of deliquescence. In the end, the governor's patrimony to the Democrats was as superficial as he was. It was Pamela.

JACOB HEILBRUNN is University Fellow at the Center for German and European Studies, Georgetown University.

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The Future of the Mass Audience by W. Russell Neuman

(Cambridge University Press, 202 pp., $44.50, $12.95 paper)

Technology, at least in the developed countries, is everywhere—not only in workplaces and living spaces, but also above the atmosphere and below the ground, attached to our bodies and increasingly inside them as well. The economy may contract, but new gadgets continue to be born. By the end of the decade some of us may be wearing computers like shirts. As in the days of William Morris and H. G. Wells, the multiplication of machinery raises hopes and rattles nerves. Where George Gilder predicts a telecomputer-sparked cultural renaissance, Neil Postman regrets the total "surrender of culture to technology." The database may have replaced the dynamo, but the stark dichotomies of Victorian anxiety remain.

Over the past two decades, Postman, a professor of communications at NYU, has polished to near-perfection what might be called the Bermuda Triangle mode of cultural criticism. In such books as *The Disappearance of Childhood* and *Amusing Ourselves to Death*, he has related with mingled excitement and dread the unforeseen vanishing of one or another cherished human capacity. In *Technopoly*, he warns that "the uncontrolled growth of technology destroys the vital sources of humanity. It creates a culture without a moral foundation. It undermines certain moral processes and social relations that make human life worth living."

At the core of Postman's criticism lies the centuries-old fear that the machines are in control. He believes that "once a technology is admitted, it plays out its hand," regardless of the social and political contexts that surround it. A new technology elevates new elites that win authority and prestige for their competence in its use; it creates deep ideological change in how we view the world; it alters the structure of our interests, our symbols, our community. Television, Postman argues, replaces schoolteachers with anchormen and exchanges a print-culture of sequence, detachment, and discipline for an image-culture of presentness, immediate gratification, and quick emotion. It manipulates our innermost desires and trivializes our national creed.

To measure the tightening grip of machines over men, Postman proposes an ambitious historical taxonomy: he divides civilizations into "tool-using cultures," "technocracies," and "technopolies." All societies until the seventeenth century were "tool-using," that is societies in which "tools were largely invented to do two things—to solve urgent and specific problems of physical life ... or to serve the symbolic world of art, politics, myth, ritual, and religion." Regardless of the "quantity of technologies available" or the relative enthusiasm for them, in a "tool-using culture" the "tools did not attack ... the dignity and integrity of the culture into which they were introduced."

With the Industrial Revolution, that happy equilibrium came to an end. Years after Francis Bacon first saw "the connection between science and human improvement," Europeans entered an era in which "tools are not integrated into the culture; they attack the culture. They bid to *become* the culture." Postman's assessment of this "Technocracy" is ambivalent. The tools that lay waste also invigorate. The "technocratic culture" spread "political and religious freedom" as well as "great literature" to the masses. The technology of print, Postman believes, gave to Americans their beliefs in privacy, individuality, and intellectual freedom. Most of all, "technocracy did not entirely destroy the traditions of the social and symbolic worlds." "In nineteenth-century America," he writes,

> there still existed holy men and the concept of sin. There still existed regional pride, and it was possible to conform to traditional notions of family life. It was possible to respect tradition itself and to find sustenance in ritual and myth. It was possi-

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ble to believe in social responsibility and the practicality of individual action. It was even possible to believe in common sense and the wisdom of the elderly.

Technopoly, the dark and final stop on Postman's journey, represents "totalitarian Technocracy." If, in nineteenth-century America, the "traditional" and the "technological" coexisted in "uneasy tension," then, in twentieth-century America, "with the rise of Technopoly, one of these thought-worlds disappears." Just as Francis Bacon outlined the principles of Technocracy, so Postman finds the blueprint for Technopoly in Frederick W. Taylor's *Principles of Scientific Management*, published in 1911. In Postman's paraphrase, Taylor established that

> the primary, if not the only, goal of human labor and thought is efficiency; that technical calculation is in all respects superior to human judgment; that in fact human judgment cannot be trusted, because it is plagued by laxity, ambiguity, and unnecessary complexity; that subjectivity is an obstacle to clear thinking; that what cannot be measured either does not exist or is of no value; and that the affairs of citizens are best guided and conducted by experts.

Taylor's principles of industrial production spread rapidly beyond the factory, engineering "a grand reduction in which human life must find its meaning in machinery and technique." At present, the United States is the only full-fledged Technopoly, but all over Europe the lights are going out.

Having completed one brisk historical narrative, Postman begins another, this one investigating the "ecology of information." With the invention of telegraphy, photography, broadcasting, and computing, information increasingly detaches itself from any fixed context and fires off randomly in all directions. Traditional "control-systems" such as family, school, church, and state are no longer able to perform their appointed functions—to provide coherence, to balance the old and new, to co-opt and to censor. In their stead, new control mechanisms arise: bureaucracies, "expert" services, "technical machineries" such as I.Q. tests and SAT scores. But these systems are unable to define human purposes and themselves break down before the onslaught of still more information. Bureaucracies become autonomous of the institutions they are intended to serve, and require still other bureaucracies in order to be controlled.

Dismounting to wander the gloomy precincts of this Technopoly on foot, Postman explores the realms of computer and medical technology. The computer has "usurped powers and enforced mindsets that a fully attentive culture might have denied it." Adding little if any value to society, it "functions more as a new mode of transportation than as a new means of substantive communication." But its cultural significance has been large and it has been dire. Attacking the cult of Artificial Intelligence, Postman argues that the computer redefines "belief" to mean what "someone or something does," without regard to an internal "state of mind." With this false definition in place, we can easily slip from the assertion that "humans are in some ways like machines" to the assertions that humans are machines and that "machines are human beings." Postman finds ominous evidence of these category errors in everyday talk of human "deprogramming" and computer "viruses." Most alarmingly, our reliance on computers allows us to disclaim responsibility for social decisions—"A bureaucrat armed with computer is the unacknowledged legislator of our age." And computer technology may often be counterproductive as well: computerized research threatens the serendipity required for scientific discovery; automatic flight patterns may prevent "pilots from creatively responding when something goes wrong."

As the symbols that prop up "narratives of transcendent origin and purpose" become trivialized (Postman particularly dislikes the Hebrew National hot dogs that "answer to a Higher Authority"), the only "comprehensive belief-system" left is that of science. Its sway extends to "invisible technologies" such as polling, statistics, and management. Hungering for "reliable and predictable knowledge" about human behavior, we applaud social scientists when they inform us that "people fear death" or that "children who are inept at social relations tend to be unpopular with other children."

In his final chapter, Postman considers individual and collective responses to Technopoly. Passing over in a sentence "the environmental movement ... the contemplation of legal restrictions on computer technology ... the developing mistrust of medical technology ... the reactions against widespread testing ...," he turns most of his attention to the design of a new curriculum. Postman's schools would chart the "ascent of man" through the historical study of the "origins and growth of knowledge and knowledge systems," and they would stimulate "crap detection" through the teaching of semantics. For individuals, Postman proposes simply that we become "loving resistance fighters" in the war against Technopoly. The "love," he explains, is

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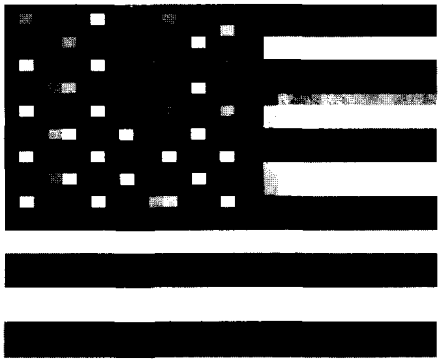

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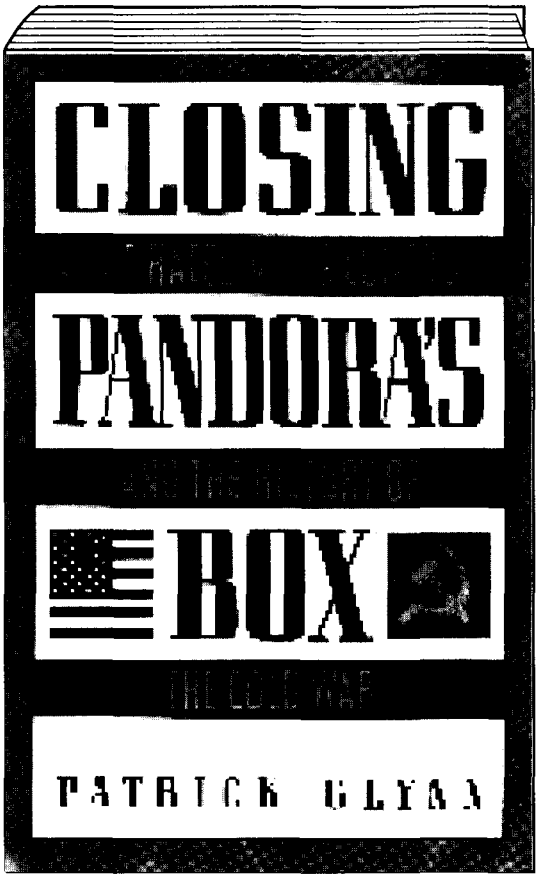

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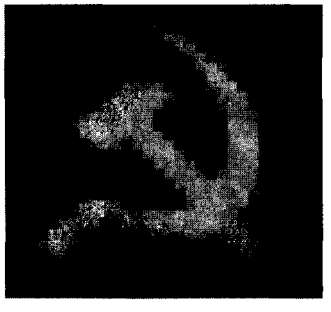

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for the "narratives and symbols" that once made the United States the hope of the world. As for "resistance," Postman teaches that art in ten handy commandments. Skirting perilously close to the arch tone of W. H. Auden's mock-epic poem "Under Which Lyre" ("Thou shalt not sit/With statisticians, nor commit/A social science"), he writes:

> Those who resist the American Technopoly are people ... who refuse to accept efficiency as the preeminent goal of human relations ... who refuse to allow psychology or any "social science" to preempt the language and thought of common sense ... who do not regard the aged as irrelevant ...

Through these precepts Postman hopes to instill a sense of "technological modesty" and "psychic distance" that might allow us to "modify and criticize" the fearsome rule of Technopoly.

Postman's book certainly reminds us of why we must scrutinize technology carefully—of why we must think not only of what we can do with it, but also of what we cannot do with it and of what we can do without it. At a time when the federal government doesn't even believe that genetically altered foods warrant special examination, all of this is worth hearing. But scanting in practice the densities of social life that he celebrates in principle, Postman keeps his distance from the actual development, adaptation, and regulation of technology. His vocabulary is ill-suited to those choices that do not pit the human "resistance fighter" against an all-powerful Technopoly, but rather involve the balancing of competing and complex social values—privacy and public access, safety and affordability, the quality of work and the quality of leisure, the costs of risk and the costs of caution. Emphasizing that technology shapes society, he largely ignores the ways in which society shapes, and struggles to shape, technology.

Consider only some of the social conflicts that have been generated in recent months by technological change, conflicts that Postman's sweeping broadside is unable to illuminate. In the office, bosses and workers struggle over the pace and the format of information-processing: employers can now purchase software that allows them to peek in on their employees' computer screens. In Washington, industries bicker before regulatory commissions: the phone companies want to finance the installation of fiber-optic cable by offering consumers "video-on-demand"; the cable companies, understandably, object. Government and industry differ as well: the FBI insists that the phone companies redesign their fiber-optic lines to allow for surveillance. Otherwise, the bureau fears, its wiretaps will pick up only the crackle of computer code or the silence of pulsating light. (The ACLU defends the industry against state intrusion.) And overseas, Israel opens up direct-dial telephone service to Arab countries, threatening the "control-systems" and outraging the sensibilities of its neighbors.

The thinness of Postman's analysis derives in part from his standpoint. For, despite his popular touch, broad concerns, and avowed humanism, Postman is very much the communications theorist. Like the engineers at Bell Labs who designed the modern telephone system in the years after World War II, he is concerned only with the "form" of a message, its routing and rerouting, its material embodiment. Assuming that "the medium is the message," he concludes that a change in the means of communication necessitates a drastic alteration in the substance of human belief; that is why in a Technopoly the "thought worlds" of "ritual and myth," "holy men," "sin," and "the elderly" cannot exist. But surely it is worth remembering that the followers of the Ayatollah Khomeni allowed themselves no such apprehensions when they brought about a successful theocratic revolution with the aid of audiocassettes. It didn't occur to them that "holy men" went out of business with magnetic tape. A new tool may create a new environment, but it does not necessarily extinguish older beliefs or the ability to act pragmatically upon them.

Postman resembles his fellow communications theorists in another way as well. Although he speaks warmly of individualism, freedom, and more traditional conceptions of community, his highest standard of value is the self-regulating "control-mechanism." Here Postman departs from many of the other social thinkers who have lamented the dictatorship of machinery and technique in modern society. Postman on Technopoly recalls Weber on the spread of "rational-bureaucratic" authority, Adorno and Horkheimer on how the tools to control nature became the tools to control men. But where these accomplished Central European pessimists feared the penetration of rationalized control-systems into every sphere of life, Postman rails against a cozier catastrophe: the breakdown of traditional control-systems and the rise of a state of anarchy in which information, "running amok," bombards us with "garbage." Running somewhat amok himself, he terms this state of affairs "cultural AIDS." Technopoly, it luckily turns out, is the rule of carnival, not calculation. Postman's greatest fear is "information chaos."

The exponential growth of information is a startling fact of our times. But it is difficult to extrapolate any particular social effect from it. In Ted Mooney's novel *Easy Travel to Other Planets,* sufferers from fits of "information sickness" bleed and vomit in the street, groping for the correct "memory-elimination posture." More frequently, researchers link information glut to stress, withdrawal, and, of course, confusion. In his useful book *The Future of the Mass Audience,* W. Russell Neuman recently suggested that there is very little evidence to support the most alarming speculations that have been advanced by social scientists. Neuman argues that researchers have largely ignored the skill that ordinary people develop in organizing, filtering, and skimming information. And they have falsely extrapolated from the anxious behavior of battlefield commanders and air-traffic controllers in "positions of high-salience decision-making" to the more casual habits of the "entertainment oriented mass media consumer." With the possible exception of Bill McKibben, "most people do not feel bombarded or overwhelmed by an expanded array of available mass media. On the contrary, for the most part they seek out more media...."

When, in his chapter on "Scientism," Postman locates one "comprehensive belief-system" that is still intact, his discussion sounds strangely dated. Throughout Postman writes as if the nineteenth-century narrative of technological emancipation were still in place, as though Hiroshima, Chernobyl, and Bhopal were unheard of, as though scientists, and not entertainers, entrepreneurs, and athletes, were the culture-heroes of the day. But it may be that when science impinges on popular consciousness these days, it is

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as often a source of fright as a reservoir of hope. The extraordinary project to record the human genome immediately brings to mind the ominous control of genetic information, not the wonder of scientific discovery. And when politicians speak of job retraining and high-tech investment, they express as much fear of falling behind the Japanese as confidence in a future of leisure and abundance. Do the proponents of technological change, then, really depend upon a religion of science to legitimate their actions? (In favoring the rights of developers over endangered species, Secretary of the Interior Manuel Lujan Jr. has noted that he is not a believer in Darwinian evolution.)

A successful "resistance fighter," one would think, should know his enemy well. It is puzzling, then, that Postman has almost nothing to say about the technologies—the fiber-optic cables and the microchips—that are dramatically reshaping the world's system of communications. The endpoint of the communications revolution is likely to be a grand fiber-optic "network of networks" that will combine television, computer, and telephone capabilities into one system, plugged into the home. This "universal network" would allow, in Neuman's words, the "instantaneous, inexpensive, errorless communication of any body of text, audio, or video of virtually any size from any one point to any other." Those plugged into the network would enjoy unprecedented opportunities to receive, to manipulate, and to send data. Those not plugged in would be deprived of any access to social, cultural, or commercial life. They will live in electronic exile.

The coming of such a network has been welcomed by many communications theorists, most notably the late Ithiel de Sola Pool, who predicted it would restore the vibrant public sphere of American revolutionary days, allowing citizens to bypass unresponsive, centralized institutions and create their own electronic "committees of correspondence." Pool looked forward to the proliferation of diverse, rapidly communicating interest groups—and not to the bogus rituals of mass approval and "participation" scheduled for H. Ross Perot's "electronic town hall." The more thoughtful advocates of electronic democracy hope that new "technologies of freedom" will improve on the model of pluralist democracy developed by Robert A. Dahl and others in the 1950s. The decreased cost of gathering and distributing information promises to lower the financial barriers to effective participation in the political process. And the ease of electronic communication might stimulate the formation of interest groups devoted to public goods—resulting, for instance, in a better balance of organizations representing producers and consumers.

This middle-of-the-road optimism has found its echo all across the political and cultural spectrum, from Timothy Leary, who says that technology will be the "LSD of the '90s," to George Gilder, who foresees the further vindication of the supply curve. But to Leary and Gilder, the basis for a vibrant high-tech pluralism lies less in self-interest than in whatever the self happens to be interested in. Urging a new counterculture to "turn on, boot up, download," the Leary-affiliated editors of "Mondo 2000" declare that "the old information elites are crumbling. The kids are at the controls.... We're talking about Total Possibilities. The end of artificial scarcity.... Making Bliss States our normal waking consciousness. *Becoming* the Bionic Angel."

Where Leary pushes a prophecy, Gilder peddles a plan. Looking forward to "Life After Television" in his latest book, Gilder lavishes praise on a new generation of "telecomputers" that will transmit and fuse sound, image, and text with ease. The telecomputer, Gilder believes, can free God, family, and school from the clutches of television, which is to say from nihilistic liberal elites, "teeny boppers," and "perverts." All that is needed is to deregulate the communications industry so that the telephone companies can ratchet up rates, lay down more fiber-optic cable, and rush to perfect this new instrument before the Japanese inundate us with their Hi-Definition Televison systems. (Bill Clinton has recently proposed, by contrast, to finance a national fiber-optic network with federal funds.) Gilder rests his argument on the assumption that "people are similar in their prurient interests and sharply

Three Sonnets on Form

"Nature repeats herself, or almost does:
repeat, repeat, repeat, revise, revise, revise."
Elizabeth Bishop, "North Haven"

1.
It is a facet of civility,
this rhyming, dancing chant, this word ballet,
which sometimes one-steps, two-steps, what I say
into a jigging, clod-footed proclivity,
and jigs a thought to a lockstep of the mind
so in the end I hold a cup, and not
the bowl I want. And yet, the civil thought,
the mannered mind, function as a kind
of compass needle, or as a map; a starter
and a brake. The rest is done by ear. I hear
the gush and swish of the heart, and fear
the galloping jolt of the off-beat, broken heart.
Is order truer? Ask the things that grow:
pinecone, sunflower, nautilus, armadillo.

2.
They seem to know; have known for even longer—
the shell's petrified curl rests on the shelf,
the flower's spiralled core repeats itself
along millennia, the strong becoming stronger.
The wisdom of this system says, "Revise, refine!"
And we, innocents, somehow drew the pentagon,
found the circle, built the Parthenon,
drunk with numbers (nature's blueprint and link-line)
until, spider-like, we cast filaments of numbers
out from pi to reach the infinite
and (horrors!) found no pattern in it,
a desert of babble: *Deus absconditus*, the mumbler.
Still we suspect that within numbers lies the nature
behind nature, and vest them with our future.

3.
For numbers chart the shape of things to come.
They mark the shift of moon from full to sickle,
the trees' leaving and unleaving—all cycles,
those vast and round geometries, and some
smaller and more spiky: recurring facets
of the forming amethyst, for example,
or DNA's twined, seemingly random, amble
through a cell, each strand a key as it
unlocks heredity. Here (praise God!)
we've found a pattern, and even recombine
the stuff of life like Tinker Toys. In time,
what is, is not enough; we seek what's odd—
the broken pattern. Growing within order,
it's possible to harness our disorder.

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The Root of the Middle East Conflict. Many observers of the Middle East scene seem to believe that the root of the Middle East conflict lies in the dispute between the "Palestinians" and the Israeli Jews; that peace could come to the area if that conflict could be resolved and if Israel yielded the administered territories to the Arabs. They overlook that the conflict between Palestinian Arabs and Jews long predates Israel's control over the administered territories, and that Israel would be defenseless if it were to yield control of these territories at this time.

"Real peace...can only happen through complete change of mentality, policies and historical ambition in the Arab-Iranian block."

The Menace of Islamic Fundamentalism. The clamor for yielding these territories to the Arabs is the first step in the immutable Arab attempt to liquidate Israel altogether. Because, certainly, Israel, with its fewer than 5 million inhabitants, compared to almost 300 million Arabs, cannot possibly be a threat to peace or a menace to the Arabs. The main reason that real peace is so difficult to attain is the political and cultural context of the Middle East, which is dominated by the menace of Islamic fundamentalism. By the tenets of this fundamentalism, Israel's size is not of importance; it is *the very existence* of Israel which is an intolerable offense, an unacceptable insult to Islam. The fundamentalist Moslems—Hamas, Hezbollah, Islamic Jihad, and all the others—do not aim at peace with Israel or the recovery of some territory. Their publicly declared aim is the destruction of the Jewish state. In December of 1991, the Islamic Jihad stated: "...we will be satisfied with nothing but the destruction of Israel."

Real Peace Must be Global. Another reason that real peace will be difficult to attain in the present climate is that any agreement that could be attained in this round of negotiations would be a non-global one. The most fervent enemies of Israel—Iran, Iraq, Lybia and the Palestinian rejectionists—not only do not participate in the negotiations, but vehemently oppose them. Those Arab statesmen who have tried to come to terms with the Jewish state have invariably found a terrible end. King Abdullah of Transjordan was assassinated by the rejectionists, so was President Anwar Sadat of Egypt, and so was Bashir Gemayel of Lebanon, all of whom envisioned peaceful co-existence with Israel. Every Arab leader knows that any overt declaration of wishing to make real peace and to co-exist and to co-operate with Israel is a suicidal death sentence.

In view of these realities, is real peace possible? We all want peace, of course, especially the Israelis, who, five wars having been imposed on them, have been almost constantly embattled since the foundation of their state. But because of Arab-Islamic fundamentalism that cannot tolerate a Jewish presence on *any part* of "Arab territory" and because any peace arrived at would be non-global, such real peace would seem difficult to attain at this time. Real peace can only come about through a complete change of mentality, policies and historical ambition in the Arab-Iranian block, abandonment of fanatic fundamentalism, and change in governance from despotism to genuine democracy. And that may well take a very long time. In the meantime, Israel must keep up its guard and cannot afford—not even to please its friends, including the United States—to yield strategic territory, without which it would be vulnerable.

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differentiated in their civilized concerns"—hardly a stable foundation for the "traditional values" that he applauds.

Once the "crystalline web of glass and light" is in place, Gilder writes, the "possibilities are endless":

> Create a school in your home that offers the nation's best teachers imparting the moral, cultural, and religious values you cherish. Visit your family on the other side of the world with moving pictures hardly distinguishable from real-life images. [In Gilder's vocabulary, the presence of a human being is a "real-life image."] Have your doctor make house calls without leaving his office.

Finally, Gilder lauds the day when Americans can go "comfortably sightseeing from their own living rooms through high-resolution screens, visiting third-world countries without having to worry about exchange rates or air fare." (Those third-world countries certainly are worrisome.)

Contrary to Gilder and Leary's prognostications, the communications revolution is not all house calls and happiness. Its dangers are indeed numerous and substantial—the proliferation of propaganda, the invasion of privacy, the eradication of local cultures, the further trivialization of cultural and political discourse. We have seen new technologies develop without corresponding growths in productivity, and the income gap widen between highly-skilled professionals and clerks in the "electronic sweatshop." Robert B. Reich and others have examined the diverging incomes of "symbolic analysts," who create ideas and manage the flow of information, and "routine production workers" in factories and offices, whose worth is eroded by the twin pressures of automation and foreign labor markets. Giddily serene, Leary's software mysticism is for the RAM-rich only; and Gilder's high-tech entrepreneurial populism is strictly for CEOs.

Somewhat downplaying these perils, Neuman argues that both visionaries and doomsayers isolate the tendencies of technology from psychological and economic constraints. He accepts Pool's thesis that the basic thrust of the new communications technologies is toward individualism, pluralism, diversity, the decentralization of information, the interactive use of media. But he claims that these tendencies must be set against a mass audience accustomed to passivity, and an economic system geared to the supply of "excessive sameness." It is one thing, after all, to spend seven hours a day "partially attentive" to the TV set and the radio. It is quite another to spend that many hours hooked up to an on-

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line town meeting or electronic library. Most people, Neuman presumes, would rather lie on a couch and let their mind wander than sit at a desk, eyes fixed to a blinking screen. And the logic of the market also works against decentralization and diversity. Enjoying high profits and near-monopolistic status, cable companies and newspapers collaborate to block new services such as video-on-demand and electronic classifieds. Even a radical increase in the number of channels hardly guarantees a corresponding increase in real diversity of content. The most "narrowcast" program is still likely to rely on the staple elements of "adventure, humor, sex, violence, and pathos."

Whatever the future of the communications revolution might be, Neuman reminds us that one cannot deduce the effects of technology from the study of technology alone. Postman is probably right that the computer has "increased the power of large-scale organizations" at the expense of "the masses of people." But there is nothing in the structure of the computer that makes this so. The difficulty of containing electronically transmitted information within rigid boundaries was a significant factor in the breakdown and overthrow of communist regimes. And a new generation of the "masses," more savvy in its understanding of programs and pixels, just might threaten the routines of some large-scale organizations in America.

The fate of a technology, after all, depends on many factors, including the behavior of those frail creatures, its users. The original telephone system was constructed primarily for commercial purposes, and rates were designed to discourage casual conversation. Only after customers insisted on indulging in what the providers of the time labeled "frivolous" and "unnecessary" talk did the industry's priorities change. Technologies affect how we view the world, frame it, slice it up, involve ourselves. But they do not determine how we do so, nor do they affect us by themselves, in isolation from other forces. Rather than being slaves to our machines, it might be more useful to speak, as Langdon Winner of Rensselaer Polytechnic has suggested, of the "adjustment of numan ends to match the character of available ends."

Postman aspires to be a witty guide to high-tech idiocies and manufactured mindsets. As a satirist of Technopoly, however, he is no match for a rival source of social criticism, one that happens to sit atop the industry that is "amusing ourselves to death." Postman insists that there are no "experts" in friend-making. On "The Simpsons," white-coated lab assistants scurry about the National Fatherhood Institute conducting controlled experiments in parenting. (A study of "underwater fathering" is disturbed by a shark attack.) Postman worries that an overreliance on mechanical procedures undermines our ability to act wisely in a crisis. Homer Simpson, unable to comprehend or recall his training manuals, averts a nuclear meltdown by sheer luck. Postman decries the cult of "scientism" that displaces both religion and common sense. On "The Simpsons," a TV actor dressed up as Charles Darwin explains that a radioactive fish with three eyes is really a marvelous instance of evolutionary progress and the diversity of life. Does Postman think that the methods of animation and quick editing deprive these scenes of their sting?

Just as the techniques of Technopoly reduce the world to the quantifiable and the measurable, so Postman's technology of "crap-detection" too often reduces the world to crap. Of course, maybe the world *is* made out of crap. But then, how would one get along on such a planet? Would "modesty" and "psychic distance" really be the best responses? Or must one acknowledge, with Hans Magnus Enzensberger, that "the fear of handling shit is a luxury a sewer-man cannot necessarily afford"? •

TRB *continued from page 6*

from the goats.

What most maddens the Bush people about Ross Perot is his vagueness, his seeming ability to get away without producing specifics, especially on the fraught topic of taxes and spending. Of course this very bit of political legerdemain is in many ways the basis of the Republican political triumph of the past twelve years (as well as the basis of our three-trillion-dollar national debt).

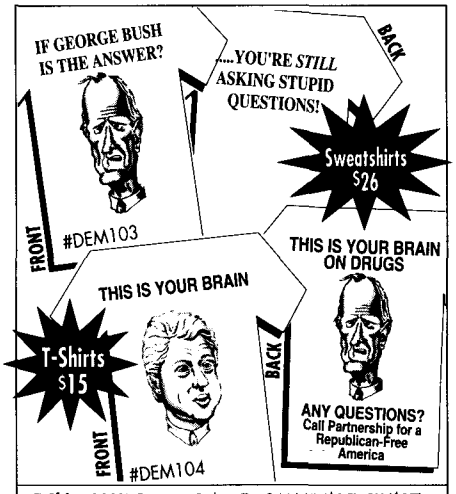
Remember the "flexible freeze"? That was Bush's alleged solution to the budget problem, and for maddening vagueness it takes second place to nothing Ross Perot has cooked up. It was Ronald Reagan and George Bush who taught the voters to believe that the deficit could be brought under control without inconveniencing anyone except a few bureaucrats and welfare chiselers. If the voters are now persuaded that Dr. Bush can't deliver a pain-free cure but still think that some other doctor might, that's no one's fault but Bush's own.

On the subject of tax increases, Perot says "absolutely not" except in "an incredible emergency." That is about as close to "read my lips" as anyone with a shred of responsibility would get. Naturally, the Bushies are milking the "incredible emergency" loophole for all its worth, labeling it a secret plan to raise taxes. And naturally, in light of what happened to "read my lips," this thrust isn't terribly effective.

Bush himself is trying to remain aloof from the cut and thrust for now. At the moment he is in what he is pleased to call his "non-political mode." But when he is "unleashed" and in "campaign mode," he'll be "ready for the fray." What our president has instead of political ethics, it seems, is some strange rule of etiquette that one doesn't criticize one's opponents until late August. If you don't have anything nice to say, say it after the Republican convention. But then, apparently, anything goes.

This comports with Bush's view of politics as a dirty necessity which, as a necessity, can be as dirty as you wish because it's not the real you. In 1988 he fought dirty indeed. Now some of that is coming back to haunt him in the person of Ross Perot. Serves him right. And if he tries the same stunts again and America falls for them again, it serves America right.

MICHAEL KINSLEY



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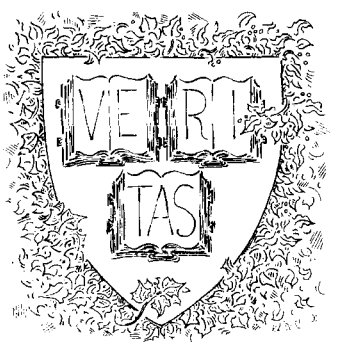
CAMBRIDGE DIARIST

Home Sweet Home

HISTORY IS WRITTEN ON THE wind, perhaps even the history of THE NEW REPUBLIC. Of course, thousands of libraries and a few subscribers still have the entire seventy-eight years of published text going back to our debut issue of November 7, 1914. And we still have the original graphic designs from which the founders decided how the magazine should look. But with the archives of TNR, we have not been so fortunate. The correspondence of TNR's first four decades of editors, the manuscripts of its writers, and the memoranda and minutes recording its quotidian ways, have simply disappeared. They were gone before I came to TNR in 1974, and in fact, before my predecessor Gilbert Harrison arrived in the early '50s. Doubtless some staff members had taken their papers out of the office with their coats on the last day of work. Whether scholars can now learn from these materials depends on how the owners or their heirs dealt with them. A few, surely, were dumped on trash heaps; others—Walter Lippmann's papers, for example—are already at universities. But the raw materials for institutional anthropology and cultural history of the pre-Harrison era have plum vanished.

LATE IN JUNE THE FILES OF TNR, past and present, found a permanent home at the Houghton Library of Harvard University, where they will be catalogued and made available to scholars. The Houghton is one of the great depositories of civilization, including papyrus manuscripts and the earliest printed books, plus the papers of Emerson, Melville, T.S. Eliot, Teddy Roosevelt, the James family, Leon Trotsky, and now TNR. This is an appeal to readers who have in their possession (or know the location of) documents that have gone astray or that might otherwise properly be associated to THE NEW REPUBLIC archives at Harvard to contact Mr. Richard Wendorf, the Librarian of Houghton. Gifts of such papers may well be tax-deductible, a reward for a good deed. But what sorts of papers will comprise the archives of the decades and centuries to come? Will the telephone, the fax, the modem, and as yet unimagined other instruments of convenience deprive them of tangible contents and assets? The next four decades could, alas, become as irretrievable as the first.

MESSRS. BUSH AND BAKER ARE relieved that Yitzhak Rabin will soon replace the other Yitzhak as Israel's prime minister. Rabin's victory encourages them to reroute the peace process express, which has been headed directly for diplomatic disaster. And it permits them to try to conciliate American Jews before the November elections. Don't be surprised if Rabin is summoned for a photo-op at the White House, and don't be surprised also if the preconditions for loan guarantees turn out to be rather less exacting than they were a few months ago. But if the administration is pleased by Labor's win, it has no appreciation of just how singular in the Middle East Israel's democratic culture is. In Israel, government is held accountable daily, as a routine by parliament and press and by the public itself in various permutations. Government must always explain, and sometimes it must apologize. If apologies don't appease, it goes and goes peacefully, as it did on June 23. The administration can expect few such graceful transitions among the Arabs.



IN ARABIC, "BIDOON" MEANS without. The word traditionally has been used for long-time residents of Kuwait (and their descendants) who were never given the rights of citizens and who, when an oil-rich Arab dictator coveted what an oil-richer Arab dynast had, found that they had no rights at all. But since the Gulf war, the term has gained new currency. Among the newest bidoons were some 300,000-400,000 Palestinians, summarily deported and now in Jordan or received back by the Israelis; and, according to an April study of the Lawyers Committee for Human Rights, there was also the cruel irony of thousands of Iraqi subjects, including opponents of Saddam who, now "repatriated home," had "to use migrant workers status to obtain de facto asylum in Kuwait" in the first place. The assumption, of course, is that these particular Arabs are "bidoon" because they have no state, the corollary of which is that if they had a state, they would not be so "bidoon" and might even have some rights. In the Arab world, however, neither point makes sense. It's not exactly that all people are equally powerless in Arab states. Women are more powerless than men, and Shiites generally more powerless than Sunnis. Some sects and ethnic groups—Copts and Kurds, for instance—don't even aspire to citizenship. They're pleased not to be noticed: to be noticed is to be targeted. In any case, citizenship means nothing by way of accepted human rights or civil rights. But it does ordinarily mean a passport of your own; and given Jewish history, no Jews should underestimate the meaning of a passport. If a passport is what you mean by self-determination, say so. In that sense, and in that sense alone, it is a cure for statelessness, a cure with which Israel could live. But don't delude yourself: it is not a cure for rightlessness. Everybody who is nobody in the Arab world is a bidoon, whether he lives under his own flag or not.

I'M A NEW REPUBLIC DEMOCRAT, which to me means I don't always vote Democratic, or even often. In 1976 I voted for Eugene McCarthy as an independent candidate on the Massachusetts ballot. But TNR endorsed Carter. By 1980 neither TNR nor I was for Carter, and we both went for John Anderson, a big mistake. He won no states, and Reagan won almost all. Reagan wasn't nearly as bad as I thought he'd be, and he was far better on foreign policy than Carter had been. Still, in 1984, both the magazine and I were for Mondale, who also lost. In 1988 TNR was for Dukakis against Bush. I wasn't. I knew Dukakis from up close, and just couldn't bring myself to vote for him. By now there's hardly a Democrat who doesn't understand my reluctance. (I did vote in that election, but only against my representative in Congress, Joseph Kennedy.) The truth is that my imagination failed me in 1988. I didn't grasp how blithe and yet insistent George Bush would be—and how little he believed in, besides himself. The country now also understands this and is momentarily engaged, on the rebound, with Ross Perot. As you can see, I've been enmeshed with two independent aspirants for president in my life: McCarthy and Anderson. This time Ross Perot won't get my vote. Bill Clinton has brought me home.

MARTIN PERETZ

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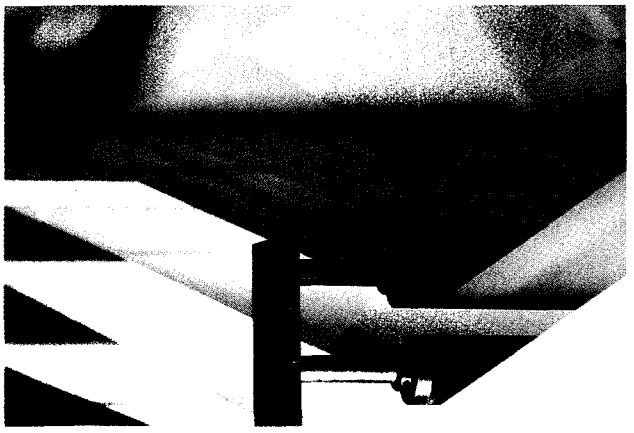

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